THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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McKinley in the Cabinet Room (I)

By Chas. Emory Smith

Summer Girls and Idle Fellows

By Jerome K. Jerome

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

The Defeat of Amos

By Elliott Flower

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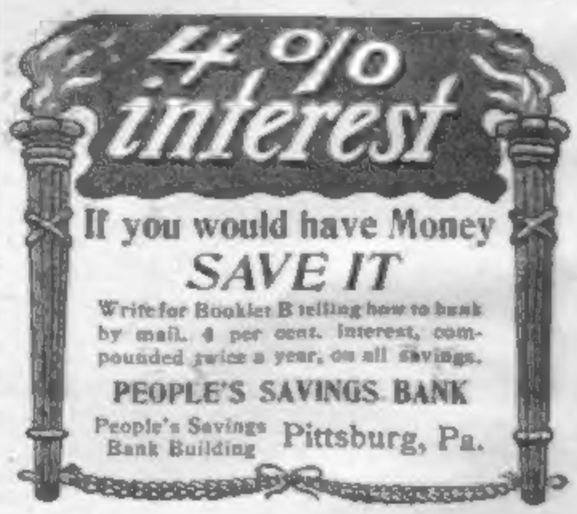
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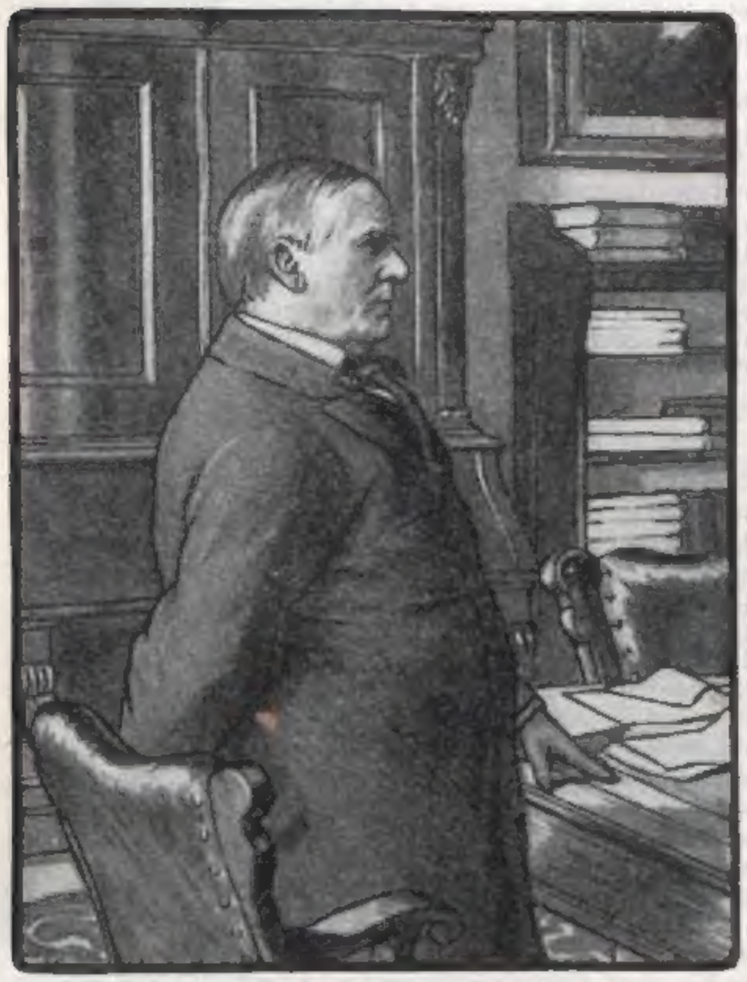
McKinley in the Cabinet Room



By CHARLES EMORY SMITH

Former Postmaster-General

THE design of this paper and those which will follow it is to sketch President McKinley not in his historical character and relations, but in his personality. The aim will be to indicate not so much what he did as what he was. What he was in the Cabinet room, what he was among his friends, what he was in hours of stress and in hours of leisure—it is this that is to be delineated. The sketch will involve anecdote, narrative and portraiture. It will contain references to important events, and some statements that have never been published before; but these will be given rather to throw side-lights on the man than in the complete and connected form which belongs to another domain.

President McKinley's life was so open, he was so much a man of the people, that no American was better known to his countrymen. He himself was unequaled in his popular sympathies. In turn the popular instinct quickly grasped and thoroughly understood his personality. He knew beyond any other leader of his time the mind and heart, the nature and impulse, of the American people. Through the same sympathetic chord the people came to know his character and qualities, his very being, better than that of any other man in public life. There was nothing inscrutable about him. He was frank, open, candid and sincere. There was reserve where reserve was needful for public purposes, but not reserve through lack of unison and fellowship. He was essentially the American people incarnate, and they instinctively knew their own. It would be impossible to give them a new view of what they so well understood. It is only possible to illustrate, exemplify and add details.

McKinley's Resemblance to Napoleon and Webster

His very appearance and bearing were singularly winsome. He had a nobility of head and feature that impressed every observer. His clean-cut face, with smooth, ungraven fullness but strong, classic lines; his high, full brow; his big, dark, liquid eyes and arched, finely-shaped nose; his mobile lips and forceful chin, and over all a blended kindliness and strength of expression gave him a distinctive and kingly mien. It was the common saying that he looked like Napoleon. His profile bore some resemblance to the great warrior, but there was another likeness which to the close observer was quite as striking. Watch him as he sat at the head of the Cabinet table with his face turned to one side and scan his outline as it was limned against the Southern light within the windowed perspective of the Potomac, and you would be reminded of the massive, overhanging brow and deep, cavernous eyes of Daniel Webster.

Among the portraits of Presidents arrayed on the wall of the Cabinet room or the corridor are not many of high mark. The majesty of Washington and the gaunt ruggedness of Lincoln stand out. The scholarly air of John Quincy Adams and the narrow but forceful lines of Jackson are notable. If distinction is stamped on the outward mould, McKinley will always be conspicuous in the national portrait gallery. He bore the impress of his nobility in every lineament and movement. In his manner and in his carriage there was a union of natural grace and dignity which peculiarly befitted the highest walk. Though not born to the purple he had the inbred bearing of a chief. Without any assumption, with the most simple, unaffected ease, he looked and acted the President.

His appearance bespoke his nature. He was the most engaging of men in public life and the most lovable in private life. No one came into his presence without feeling the irresistible attraction. He delighted in making others happy. He would sit up long after hours on a railroad journey rather than disappoint an expectant crowd at a station. He had the sunniest disposition and the most equable temper. In the great stream of visitors that the President is compelled to see every day, every man is deeply earnest on the subject that brings him there, and the one who receives the successive hundreds is taxed with all their joint intensity. It is rather consoling to other mortals to know that President McKinley was human enough to feel the strain and to be sometimes a little restive under it, but he never became impatient or irritable. He had the most complete control of himself, and was the very embodiment of serene and unruffled good nature.

His Gracious Dignity of Manner

He was always calm, self-poised and deliberate. His manner was full of gentleness and his talk full of courtesy and sympathy. His voice, which matched his kindly nature, was rich and melodious, in conversation soft and mellow, in public speech clear, musical and resonant, with extraordinary carrying power. He pondered deeply on the great problems and the perplexing personal issues which confronted him, but he did not fret or worry. He was tranquil and confident even in the midst of the storm. He slept well, with good digestion and facile handling of his work. This left him fresh, healthy and glowing. The equipoise and sobriety of his mind were reflected in the ease and composure of his perfect manner, which never failed in unstudied grace, and even the casual meeting made the impression of the masterful man and the true gentleman.

He was the most thoughtful and considerate of men. He always studied the comfort and feeling of all about him. No little attention that he could offer was overlooked or omitted. It was as natural for him to send the child that was ushered into his presence away with the treasured carnation as it was to stop and give his boutonnière to the proud engineer of his special train. In any company he was the most attentive, the most watchful and the most gracious. The sweet, vigilant and chivalrous devotion of his tender domestic life had only deepened and broadened what was inherent in his nature, and he was ever the most observant of all that could contribute to the pleasure and the welfare of those in whom he was interested.

At the Cabinet table he was suggestive, fertile and wise. Sometimes he led discussion; quite as often he first elicited the views of his counselors. He recognized and treated his Cabinet as advisers in the fullest sense of the word, not as mere recorders and executives of his will. He sought and respected their independent judgment. It was quite his habit with them as with others to draw out their opinion before he had indicated his own, so that he secured their unbiased expression. He was receptive and responsive, but not pliant. He accorded full weight to all that was said, but he formed his own convictions. No man was more judicial and sane in summing varied views and deducing the wisest conclusion.

His preeminence in the council was unchallenged. There were strong and able men at the board. There were men who were the superiors of the President in some particulars. There were better trained lawyers. There were finer scholars with a wider range of reading. There were men of greater practical experience in large business affairs. But there was not a man among them who did not feel that in all the essential elements of greatness the President was the greatest man there. Where MacGregor sat was the head of the table, not merely because he was first in rank, but because in broad statesmanship, in political genius, in sure prescience, in mastery of men and measures he was easily the foremost of all.

There is no surer test of his ascendancy. Mediocre men sometimes achieve large results through adventitious circumstances. Monroe was commonplace enough, but by the accident of his time he is immortalized as the author of the Doctrine which has become the governing law of the American continent. But no man can pass four years in dealing with great and novel questions and all forms of complications, in the daily presence of acute and experienced men who see not only the result but the process, and come out with their profound recognition and reverence, without possession of the highest attributes.

How He Rose to Enlarged Responsibilities

The development of his qualities and powers under the stress of high emergencies was a deeply interesting study. Throughout his career he steadily advanced to constantly enlarged responsibilities. The crucial situations and the tremendous obligations which came to him as President were entirely unforeseen. They put to the test the highest mental and moral forces. Yet he never faced a crisis without full composure and never met a difficulty without being equal to it. The qualities and resources he exhibited in these unexpected trials were a revelation to the country and a surprise even to his best friends. With all their knowledge of his capabilities they had not fully measured the virile strength and the expanding powers latent in his equable organization.

He had always been distinguished as a man of great amiability. Kindliness would probably have been described as the dominant note of his nature. He was courteous in debate, moderate in combat, and chivalrous in every relation. He was trenchant in his argument but temperate in his personalities. He was eager to do a kindness but shrank from wounding a sensibility. With this natural and prevailing gentleness, which suffused his manner and his utterance, decision, resolution and firmness of the highest degree were not commonly associated in the public mind. Yet when the test came he displayed a celerity and vigor of decision and a robustness of resolution which astonished those who had supposed he was supple without strength and flexible without fibre.

There were many of these trials in connection with the Spanish War and its sequences. One or two will serve as illustrations. After our army in Cuba had invested Santiago and after Cervera's fleet had been destroyed, General Shafter demanded the surrender of the Spanish forces occupying and defending the city. General Toral, the Spanish commander, declined. Delay and correspondence followed, whereupon General Toral proposed to evacuate Santiago, leaving its heavy guns and munitions, and under truce marching with his men and small arms to Holguin.

The American Generals were unanimously in favor of accepting this offer. They argued that it would give possession of the city and harbor; that it would spare the sacrifice of assault and the destruction of bombardment; and that it would release the army from the difficulties and perils by which it was environed. The American officers were brave and heroic and ready to face any hardship that might be necessary, but they saw dangers which they thought might be avoided without risking any essential object. The Spanish army had been reënforced by a division which succeeded in entering the city. It was strongly fortified and could make a desperate defense. The lines might be carried by assault, but at bloody cost. Thousands of inhabitants who had been allowed to leave under fear of bombardment were thrown upon American care. Our forces, marching through swamps, lying in trenches, were exhausted. Yellow fever hovered over them, threatening havoc greater than war.

Under these circumstances the American Generals concurred in recommending that the Spanish proffer of evacuation be accepted. The proposition was submitted to the President and he instantly rejected it. In doing so he took a great responsibility. He disregarded the advice of all his Generals who were on the scene of action. He made a decision which might involve an assault with great loss of life. But he reduced this danger by answering that he would send all the reënforcements that were required, and that an assault, if necessary at all, should only be made when the army was fully ready and when it would be overwhelming and irresistible. Whatever strength was needful should be furnished, but there must be no deviation from the demand for unconditional surrender.

The President's Stand for Unconditional Surrender

The President saw at once, far more clearly than the Generals in the field, the disastrous moral effect of permitting the evacuation of Santiago and the retreat of the Spanish army. It would have broken the force of the destruction of the Spanish fleet, encouraged the Spanish Government with new hope, prolonged the campaign in Cuba and unfavorably affected public opinion not only in this country but in Europe. The President believed that an unwavering adherence to the demand for unconditional surrender would bring it, and he felt that in the last resort fight was better than the concession proposed. With this insight and this condition he never flinched a moment.

When his rejection of the Spanish proffer of evacuation was communicated, it was followed by parleying and negotiations. At length General Toral proposed to surrender upon condition that his men should retain and march out with their arms. He pleaded for this as a matter of pride and soldier's honor. The proposition was referred to the President who rejected it as summarily as he had rejected the first. There were the same objections to it, though in less measure. The President, who showed himself the real Commander-in-Chief, stood fast on his unvarying terms. His decision was again communicated, and it was followed by the unconditional surrender to which with much solicitude he had looked forward.

The Spanish proposition of evacuation was made on July 8, 1898. The surrender was yielded on the fifteenth and arranged on the sixteenth. That was a week of intense anxiety in the Cabinet room. The meetings were frequent and the consultations most serious. Every successive dispatch was awaited with the deepest expectancy. The Cabinet was unanimous in sustaining the President's determination, but, however helpful and strengthening this unanimity, the decision was and must be his. It was no light responsibility to overrule the Generals in the field, with all the possibilities that were involved. It required moral courage and resolution. The result vindicated the President's judgment and firmness, and it naturally brought great relief and joy to those who had known the strain. The dispatches had not been made public; the real issues in the negotiations were understood only by those who had participated. When on a hot summer evening they gathered on the south porch of the White House to mingle their rejoicings, some of them felt that the events of the week should be made known and that the President should have the credit with the country that was justly his.

"Not a word," he answered. His generous and unselfish spirit was unwilling that a single leaf should be plucked from the well-won laurels of his Generals, and not a word of this did appear until the official records afterward published disclosed it in part.

His attitude as to the terms of peace revealed the same qualities. The Protocol was arranged at Washington. The French Ambassador, Cambon, acted on behalf of Spain. Secretary Day was the medium of the United States, but President McKinley gave his close, personal attention to every detail and practically conducted the negotiations. In their prosecution he held a memorable conference with Cambon at the White House. The discussion was long and earnest. The President had named the terms which the United States would impose as the conditions of the Protocol preliminary to the full negotiation of peace. The Ambassador, rightly doing his best for the country he represented, sought to modify and mitigate them.

It was a notable diplomatic tourney. Both men had rare qualifications for their respective rôles. Cambon was a thoroughly trained diplomat of the European school. He was ingenious, penetrating and adroit. He knew how to present his cause in the most plausible way. His skill was subtle and his manners were engaging. President McKinley, on the other hand, was a natural diplomat. If he had training it was not in the professional school of diplomacy but in the experience of an habitual method in all affairs which was essentially diplomatic. He made sure that the underlying strength of his case should be its right and reason, but no man could excel him in the art and force with which it was stated or in the persuasiveness with which it was urged. He was quick in perception and could turn a point with great dexterity. His skill in thrust and parry was unsurpassed, and he could veil the most resolute determination with the utmost suavity.

The terms of the Protocol had been carefully considered by the President, and he had decided just how far he would go. The cession of Porto Rico and the independence of Cuba must be absolute, and the final disposition of the Philippines must be left to further negotiation. The moderation of the conditions was unprecedented. But it was Cambon's mission to lighten them if he could. He pleaded that they were harsh. He suavely intimated that the President was too severe. With a genial smile the President alluded to the fact that he was ever called "amiable," and quick as a flash Cambon answered: "Mr. President, you are firm as a rock!"

The sentence told a whole chapter. Under President McKinley's proverbial courtesy and amiability there were a firmness and decision which were not fully appreciated by those who did not make a close study of his character. Indeed, a quality closely akin was shown throughout his whole career, and was the key of his extraordinary success. He moved along fixed and determined lines. His advance was not accidental or capricious. He early decided what courses he would follow, what policies he would espouse, what ends he would seek, and he held to them with a patience and perseverance which marked a strong character. He was not swerved by eddies or diverted by transient and ephemeral influences. He had his plans and purposes and he faithfully adhered to them. If kindliness was the most obvious of his distinguishing qualities this underlying constancy was a deeper and no less significant vein.

His Methods of Work and Preparation

President McKinley towered over all the men of his time in the art of doing things. In every difficulty he knew better than anybody else what to do and how to do it. His consummate tact was more than the manner of dealing with men—it was the method of dealing with things. If there was any troublesome knot he would instinctively see the way to untie it. If any member of the Cabinet was perplexed and embarrassed by the complications which sometimes came in personal claim or in administrative problem, the President was likely to find the best solution. His superior skill was an unfailing resource. Whether with a legislative tangle or a popular misunderstanding or a personal difference he was the most deft in handling it. He was the best politician of his day, and one of the best the country has ever known, both in the higher realm of understanding and leading the people, and in the lesser field of managing individuals.

There was frequent wonder as to how he found time to prepare his many speeches and papers. Most of his days were consumed with visitors. He was never far away from an invalid wife to whom his attentions were constant and devoted. His evenings were invariably given to domestic and social life. What time remained? Much of his solitary intellectual work and a large part of his composition were done after ten o'clock at night. When others slept his mind was busy. His important speeches were carefully meditated and dictated. He had the excellent habit of taking time by the forelock and of preparing in ample season for reflection and revision. The first draft as he dictated it or roughly wrote it had the thought and often the development he had blocked out in his mind, but it was likely to be imperfect and unfinished. Then, as opportunity offered, he revised, amplified and polished. Often his best sentences would come to him in the midst of other labors or in the stolen moments between times, and would be jotted down on loose bits of paper.

He had a fine critical faculty. His choice of words was keen and almost unerring. In his own composition he went directly to his point. In reviewing the composition of another he was quick to see the flaw of logic or of rhetoric. No paper passed through his hands without being improved—sometimes in statement, sometimes in tone, sometimes in restraint, sometimes in inference or suggestion. His nicety in language was due less to academic training than to a native sense of harmony, and to a clarity of thinking and sanity of judgment which seldom missed. His power of condensing an argument or a truth into an epigram was unrivaled Many of his crystallizing sentences became common axioms.

Though his important addresses were thoroughly prepared, he had great readiness and aptness in extemporaneous speaking. The extraordinary series of speeches he delivered during his memorable porch campaign at Canton in 1896 were not spontaneous; but there were so many of them that they could not have been fully written out, and must have been rapidly prepared where prepared at all; and they were so varied, so appropriate, so comprehensive and yet so compact, so full of sense and so skillful in avoiding all pitfalls that they altogether surprised those who had mistaken him as a man of one idea.

His Alert Felicity in Public Debate

One of the happiest illustrations of his fertility and felicity in meeting the occasion was his speech at New Orleans on his last tour across the continent in May, 1901. There was a great banquet at the St. Charles where the business men of the Southern metropolis were gathered. The President had prepared a brief discussion of the historic relations of Jefferson and Jackson to New Orleans which he designed as the peroration of his speech. For his exordium and body he relied on the inspiration of the hour. As he sat through the dinner he mused on its suggestions and selected his points. When the coffee had been served the opening address of welcome was made by the Governor. He spoke in fitting and cordial terms in an excellent speech, but being of opposite politics he wove in an incidental reference to "the differences among us."

Instantly the President changed his plan. He dismissed the thoughts he had intended to use, and a new speech flashed on his mind. With a poise and grace and self-command that were superb, he responded in heartiest tone to the welcome, and then with a merry twinkle he alluded to the suggestion of "differences," and asked, what are they? He looked at his cherished friend, Judge Blanchard, across the table, with whom he had sat in Congress and with whom he had earnestly coöperated for the protection of the sugar of Louisiana, and he could not help but ask, "what *are* the differences?" He saw on the other side another honored representative of the State with whom he had labored for the improvement of the Mississippi, and as they stood side by side in public work he felt impelled again to ask, what are the "differences?" And so he went on from point to point, in cumulating force, and he did it with such good humor, such cleverness and such effect that he carried the assemblage by storm, and the great company shouted and waved in enthusiastic applause. The next day when one business man of New Orleans met another the first salute was, "Well, what are the differences, anyway?"

President McKinley was a real orator, and had he possessed no other claim to distinction this would have given him a place of eminence. He blended the elements of oratory in remarkable degree. His voice was sonorous and penetrating, with sympathetic quality and vibrant force. He always began in a subdued tone until his vocal chords were fully attuned, and as he gradually rose his range was almost unlimited. Audiences were often disappointed that they could not hear him when he opened, but no look or call would swerve him from his fixed purpose. As his notes expanded it was a study to see how his ringing utterances and impressive sincerity captivated and swayed the largest masses.

He had abundant humor, as we shall see further along, but except in occasional after-dinner speaking he seldom employed it on the platform. His prevailing tone was one of deep conviction and of earnest purpose. He had no little power of imagination and warmth of sentiment which often gave a fine touch of beauty to his speeches. He was sometimes impassioned, but generally argumentative and sententious. His power of statement was rarely equaled, and his strongest reasoning was sometimes the simplest and most lucid exposition of the decisive facts, which he had the faculty of presenting with convincing force. He was a master of the art of reaching both the mind and the heart of his hearers, and his appeal to their intelligence was often touched with that subtle quality which stirred their emotion and moved their sympathy. He was great in deeds, but he was eminent also in his spoken and written eloquence.

Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of three papers by Mr. Smith. The next will appear in an early number of the magazine.

SUMMER GIRLS AND IDLE FELLOWS

TEA-TABLE TALK

By Jerome K. Jerome

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EDITH NEVER FOLLOWS ADVICE

"WHAT is the time?" asked the College Girl.

I looked at my watch. "Twenty past four," I answered.

"Exactly?" demanded the College Girl.

"Precisely," I replied.

"Strange," murmured the College Girl. "There is no accounting for it, yet it always is so. It is a German superstition that whenever complete silence falls upon any company it is always twenty minutes past the hour."

"Why do we talk so much?" demanded the Minor Poet.

"As a matter of fact," observed the Woman of the World, "I don't think we do—not we, personally, not much. Most of our time we appear to be listening to you."

"Then why do I talk so much, if you prefer to put it in that way?" continued the Minor Poet. "If I talked less, one of you others would have to talk more."

"There would be that advantage about it," agreed the Philosopher.

"In all probability, you," returned to him the Minor Poet. "Whether as a happy party we should gain or lose by the exchange, it is not for me to say, though I have my own opinion. The essential remains—that the stream of chatter must be kept perpetually flowing. Why?"

"There is a man I know," I said—"you may have met him—a man named Longrush. He is not exactly a bore. A bore expects you to listen to him. This man is apparently unaware whether you are listening to him or not. He is not a fool. A fool is occasionally amusing—Longrush never. No subject comes amiss to him; whatever the topic, he has something uninteresting to say about it. He talks as a piano-organ grinds out music: steadily, strenuously, tirelessly. The moment you stand or sit him down he begins, to continue ceaselessly till wheeled away in cab or omnibus to his next halting-place. As in the case of his prototype, his rollers are changed about once a month to suit the popular taste. In January he repeats to you Dan Daly's jokes, and gives you other people's opinions concerning the Old Masters at the loan exhibition. In June he recounts at length what is generally thought concerning the Academy, and agrees with most people on most points connected with the Opera. If forgetful for a moment—as a man may be excused for being—whether it be summer or winter, one may assure one's self by waiting to see whether Longrush is enthusing over baseball or football. He is always up-to-date. The last new Shakespeare, the latest scandal, the man of the hour, the next nine days' wonder—by the evening Longrush has his roller ready. In my early days of journalism I had to write each evening a column for a provincial daily, headed 'What People are Saying.' The editor was precise in his instructions. 'I don't want your opinions; I don't want you to be funny; never mind whether the thing appears to you to be interesting or not. I want it to be real, the things people *are* saying.' I tried to be conscientious. Each paragraph began with 'That.' I wrote the column because I wanted the thirty shillings. Why anybody ever read it I fail to understand to this day; but I believe it was one of the popular features of the paper. Longrush invariably brings back to my mind the dreary hours I spent penning that fatuous record."

"I think I know the man you mean," said the Philosopher. "I had forgotten his name."

"I thought it possible you might have met him," I replied. "Well, my cousin Edith was arranging a dinner-party the other day, and, as usual, she did me the honor to ask my advice. Generally speaking, I do not give advice nowadays. As a very young man I was generous with it. I have since come to the conclusion that responsibility for my own muddles and mistakes is sufficient. However, I make an exception in Edith's case, knowing that never by any chance will she follow it."

"Speaking of editors," said the Philosopher, "Bates told me at the club the other night that he had given up writing the 'Answers to Correspondents' personally since discovery of the fact that he had been discussing at some length the attractive topic, 'Duties of a Father,' with his own wife, who is somewhat of a humorist."

"There was the wife of a clergyman my mother used to tell of," said the Woman of the World, "who kept copies of her husband's sermons. She would read him extracts from them in bed, in place of curtain lectures. She explained it saved her trouble. Everything she felt she wanted to say to him he had said himself so much more forcibly."

"The argument always appears to me weak," said the Philosopher. "If only the perfect may preach, our pulpits would remain empty. Am I to ignore the peace that slips into my soul when perusing the Psalms, to deny myself all benefit from the wisdom of the Proverbs, because neither David nor Solomon were worthy caskets of the jewels that God had placed in them? Is a temperance lecturer never to quote the self-reproaches of poor Cassio because Master Will Shakespeare, there is evidence to prove, was a gentleman, alas! much too fond of the bottle? The man that beats the drum may be himself a coward. It is the drum that is the important thing to us, not the drummer."

"Of all my friends," said the Woman of the World, "the one who has the most trouble with her servants is poor Jane Meredith."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear it," observed the Philosopher, after a slight pause. "But, forgive me, I really do not see——"

"I beg your pardon," answered the Woman of the World. "I thought every one knew 'Jane Meredith.' She writes 'The Happy Home' column for The Perfect Lady."

"It will always remain a riddle, one supposes," said the Minor Poet, "which is the real ego, I, the author of The Simple Life, fourteenth edition, one dollar net——"

"Don't," pleaded the Old Maid with a smile; "please don't."

"Don't what?" demanded the Minor Poet.

"Don't ridicule it, make fun of it, even though it does happen to be your own. There are parts of it I know by heart. I say them over to myself when—— Don't spoil it for me." The Old Maid laughed, but nervously.

"My dear lady," the Minor Poet reassured her, "do not be afraid. No one regards that poem with more reverence than do I. You can have but small conception what a help it is to me also. I, too, so often read it to myself; and when —— We understand. As one who turns his back on scenes of riot to drink the moonlight in quiet ways, I go to it for sweetness and for peace. So much do I admire the poem, I naturally feel desire and curiosity to meet its author, to know him. I should delight, drawing him aside from the crowded room, to grasp him by the hand, to say to him: 'My dear—my very dear Mr. Minor Poet, I am so glad to meet you! I would I could tell you how much your beautiful work has helped me. This, my dear sir, this is indeed a privilege!' But I can picture so vividly the bored look with which he would receive my gush. I can imagine the contempt with which he, the pure liver, would regard me did he know me—me, the liver of the fool's hot days."

"A short French story I once read somewhere," I said, "rather impressed me. A poet or dramatist—I am not sure which—had married the daughter of a provincial notary. There was nothing particularly attractive about her except her *dot*. He had run through his own small fortune and was in some need. She worshiped him, and was, as he used to boast to his friends, the ideal wife for a poet. She cooked admirably—a useful accomplishment during the first half-dozen years of their married life; and afterward, when fortune came to him, managed his affairs to perfection, by her care and economy keeping all worldly troubles away from his study door. An ideal *Hausfrau*, undoubtedly, but, of course, no companion for our poet. So they went their ways; till, choosing as in all things the right moment when she could best be spared, the good lady died and was buried. And here begins the interest of the story, somewhat late. One article of furniture, curiously out of place among the rich appointments of their fine *hôtel*, the woman had insisted on retaining, a heavy, clumsily carved oak desk her father had once used in his office, and which he had given to her for her own as a birthday present back in the days of her 'teens.

"You must read the story for yourselves if you would enjoy the subtle sadness that surrounds it, the delicate aroma of regret through which it moves. The husband, finding after some little difficulty the right key, fits it into the lock of the desk. He draws down the lid, pulls out the largest drawer. It is full of manuscripts, folded and tied neatly with ribbons once gay, now faded. He thinks, at first, they are his own writings—things begun and discarded, reserved by her with fondness. She thought so much of him, the good soul! Really, she could not have been so dull as he had deemed her. The power to appreciate rightly—this, at least, she must have possessed. He unties the ribbon. No, the writing is her own, corrected, altered, underlined. He opens a second, a third. Then with a smile he sits down to read. What can they be like, these poems, these stories? He laughs, smoothing the crumpled paper, foreseeing the trite commonness, the shallow sentiment. The poor child! So she would be a *littérateure*. Even she had her ambition, her dream. The sunshine climbs the wall behind him, creeps

"THE THING TALKS ALL DAY, BUT IT NEVER SAYS ANYTHING FUNNY"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of six papers by Mr. Jerome. The next will appear in an early number.

stealthily across the ceiling of the room, slips out softly by the window, leaving him alone. So all these years he had been living with a fellow-poet! They should have been comrades, and they had never spoken. Why had she hidden herself? Why had she gone away, never revealing herself? Years ago, when they were first married—he remembers now—she had slipped little blue-bound copybooks into his pocket, laughing, blushing, asking him to read them. How could he have guessed? Of course, he had forgotten them. Later, they had disappeared again; it had never occurred to him to think. Often in the earlier days she had tried to talk to him about his work. Had he but looked into her eyes he might have understood. But she had always been so homely-seeming, so good. Who would have suspected? Then suddenly the blood rushes into his face. What must have been her opinion of his work? All these years he had imagined her the amazed devotee, uncomprehending but admiring. He had read to her at times, comparing himself the while with Molière reading to his cook. What right had she to play this trick upon him? The folly of it! The pity of it! He would have been so glad of her."

"What becomes, I wonder," mused the Philosopher, "of the thoughts that are never spoken. We know that in Nature nothing is wasted; the very cabbage is immortal, living again in altered form. A thought published or spoken we can trace, but such must only be a small percentage. It often occurs to me walking down the street. Each man and woman that I pass is silently spinning his silken thought, short or long, fine or coarse. What becomes of it?"

"I heard you say once," remarked the Old Maid to the Minor Poet, "that 'thoughts are in the air,' that the poet but gathers them as a child plucks wayside blossoms to shape them into nosegays."

"It was in confidence," replied the Minor Poet. "Please do not let it get about, or my publisher will use it as an argument for cutting down my royalties."

"I have always remembered it," answered the Old Maid. "It seemed so true. A thought suddenly comes to you. I think of them sometimes as of little motherless babes creeping into our brains for shelter."

"It is a pretty idea," mused the Minor Poet. "I shall see them in the twilight: pathetic little round-eyed things of goblin shape, dimly luminous against the darkening air."

"You have not yet decided," reminded him the Woman of the World, "which you really are: the gentleman we get for a dollar net, or the one we are familiar with, the one we get for nothing.

"Please don't think I am suggesting any comparison," continued the Woman of the World, "but I have been interested in the question since George joined a Bohemian club and has taken to bringing down minor celebrities from Saturday to Monday. I hope I am not narrow-minded, but there is one gentleman I have been compelled to put my foot down on."

"I really do not think he will complain," I interrupted.

"TIED NEATLY WITH RIBBONS ONCE GAY"

The Woman of the World possesses, I should explain, the daintiest of feet.

"It is heavier than you think," replied the Woman of the World. "George persists I ought to put up with him because he is a true poet. I cannot admit the argument. The poet I honestly admire. I like to have him about the place. He lies on my drawing-room table in white vellum, and helps to give tone to the room. For the poet I am quite prepared to pay the dollar and a half demanded; the man I don't want. To be candid, he is not worth having."

"It is hardly fair," urged the Minor Poet, "to confine the discussion to poets. A friend of mine some years ago married one of the most charming women in New York, and that is saying a good deal. Everybody congratulated him, and at the outset he was pleased enough with himself. I met him two years later in Geneva, and we traveled together as far as Rome. He and his wife scarcely spoke to one another the whole journey, and before I left him he was good enough to give me advice which to another man might be useful. 'Never marry a charming woman,' he counseled me. 'Anything more unutterably dull than "the charming woman" outside business hours you cannot conceive.'"

"But," observed the Minor Poet, turning to me, "you were speaking of a man named Longrush, a great talker."

"A long talker," I corrected. "My cousin mentioned him third in her list of invitations. 'Longrush,' she said with conviction, 'we must have Longrush.' 'Isn't he rather tiresome?' I suggested. 'He is tiresome,' she agreed, 'but then he's so useful. He never lets the conversation drop.'"

"Why is it?" asked the Minor Poet, "why, when we meet together, must we chatter like a mob of sparrows? Why must every assembly to be successful sound like the parrot-house of a zoölogical garden?"

"I remember a parrot story," I said, "but I forget who told it to me."

"Maybe one of us will remember as you go on," suggested the Philosopher.

"A man," I said—"an old farmer, if I remember rightly—had read a lot of parrot stories, or had heard them at the club. As a result he thought he would like himself to be the owner of a parrot, so journeyed to a dealer, and, according to his own account, paid rather a long price for a choice specimen. A week later he reëntered the shop, the parrot borne behind him by a boy. 'This bird,' said the farmer, 'this bird you sold me last week ain't worth a dollar!' 'What's the matter with it?' demanded the dealer. 'How do I know what's the matter with the bird?' answered the farmer. 'What I tell you is that it ain't worth a dollar—'tain't worth a half-a-dollar!' 'Why not?' persisted the dealer; 'it talks all right, don't it?' 'Talks!' retorted the indignant farmer, 'the ——— thing talks all day, but it never says anything funny!'"

"A friend of mine," said the Philosopher, "once had a parrot——"

"Won't you come into the garden?" said the Woman of the World, rising and leading the way.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

FROM JOHN GRAHAM, AT THE SCHWEITZERKASENHOF, KARLSBAD, AUSTRIA, TO HIS SON, PIERREPONT, AT THE UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO

KARLSBAD, October 6, 189-

Dear Pierrepont: If you happen to run across Doc Titherington you'd better tell him to go into training, because I expect to be strong enough to lick him by the time I get back. Between that ten-day boat which he recommended and these Dutch doctors, I'm almost well and about broke. You don't really have to take the baths here to get rid of your rheumatism—their bills scare it out of a fellow.

They tell me we had a pretty quiet trip across, and I'm not saying that we didn't, because for the first three days I was so busy holding myself in my berth that I couldn't get a chance to look out the port-hole to see for myself. I reckon there isn't anything alive that can beat me at being seasick, unless it's a camel, and he's got three stomachs.

When I did get around I was a good deal of a maverick—for all the old fellows were playing poker in the smoking-room and all the young ones were lallygagging under the boats—until I found that we were carrying a couple of hundred steers between decks. They looked mighty homesick, you bet, and I reckon they sort of sized me up as being a long ways from Chicago, for we cottoned to each other right from the start. Take 'em as they ran, they were a mighty likely bunch of steers, and I got a heap of solid comfort out of them. There must have been good money in them, too, for they reached England in prime condition.

I wish you would tell our people at the Beef House to look into this export cattle business, and have all the facts and figures ready for me when I get back. There seems to be a good margin in it, and with our English house we are fixed up to handle it all right at this end. It makes me mighty sick to think that we've been sitting back on our hindlegs and letting the other fellow run away with this trade. We are packers, I know, but that's no reason why we can't be shippers, too. I want to milk the critter coming and going, twice a day, and milk her dry. Unless you do the whole thing you can't do anything in business as it runs to-day. There's still plenty of room at the top, but there isn't much anywheres else.

There may be reasons why we haven't been able to tackle this exporting of live cattle, but you can tell our people there that they have got to be mighty good reasons to wipe out the profit I see in it. Of course, I may have missed them, for I've only looked into the business a little by way of recreation, but it won't do to say that it's not in our line, because anything that carries a profit on four legs is in our line.

I dwell a little on the matter because, while this special case is out of your department, the general principle is in it. The way to think of a thing in business is to think of it first, and the way to get a share of the trade is to go for all of it. Half the battle's in being on the hilltop first; and the other half's in staying there. In speaking of these matters, and in writing you about your new job, I've run a little ahead of your present position, because I'm counting on you to catch up with me. But you want to get it clearly in mind that I'm writing to you not as the head of the house, but as the head of the family, and that I don't propose to mix the two things.

Even as assistant manager of the lard department, you don't occupy a very important position with us yet. But the great trouble with some fellows is that a little success goes to their heads. Instead of hiding their authority behind their backs and trying to get close to their men, they use it as a club to keep them off. And a boss with a case of big-head will fill an office full of sore heads.

I don't know any one who has better opportunities for making himself unpopular than an assistant, for the clerks are apt to cuss him for all the manager's meanness, and the manager is likely to find fault with him for all the clerks' cussedness. But if he explains his orders to the clerks he loses his authority, and if he excuses himself to the manager he loses his usefulness. A manager needs an assistant to take trouble from him, not to bring it to him.

The one important thing for you to remember all the time is not to forget. It's easier for a boss to do a thing himself than to tell some one twice to do it. Petty details take up just as much room in a manager's head as big ideas; and the more of the first you store for him, the more warehouse room you leave him for the second. When a boss has to spend his days swearing at his assistant and the clerks have to sit up nights hating him, they haven't much time left to swear by the house.

Some fellows can only see those above them, and others can only see those under them, but a good man is cross-eyed and can see both ends at once. An assistant who becomes his manager's right hand is going to find the left hand helping him; and it's not hard for a clerk to find good points in a boss who finds good ones in him. Pulling from above and boosting from below make climbing easy.

In handling men, your own feelings are the only ones that are of no importance. I don't mean by this that you want to

sacrifice your self-respect, but you must keep in mind that the bigger the position the broader the man must be to fill it. And a diet of courtesy and consideration gives girth to a boss.

Of course, all this is going to take so much time and thought that you won't have a very wide margin left for golf—especially in the afternoons. I simply mention this in passing, because I see in the Chicago papers which have been sent me that you were among the players on the links one afternoon a fortnight ago. Golf's a nice, foolish game, and there ain't any harm in it so far as I know except for the balls—the stiff balls at the beginning, the lost balls in the middle, and the highballs at the end of the game. But a young fellow who wants to be a boss butcher hasn't much daylight to waste on any kind of links except sausage links.

Of course, a man should have a certain amount of play, just as a boy is entitled to a piece of pie at the end of his dinner, but he don't want to make a meal of it. Any one who lets sinkers take the place of bread and meat gets bilious pretty young; and these fellows who haven't any job, except to blow the old man's dollars, are a good deal like the little niggers in the pie-eating contest at the County Fair—they've a-plenty of pastry and they're attracting a heap of attention, but they've got a stomach-ache coming to them by and by.

I want to caution you right here against getting the society bug in your head. I'd sooner you'd smoke these Turkish cigarettes that smell like a fire in the fertilizer factory. You're going to meet a good many stray fools in the course of business every day without going out to hunt up the main herd after dark.

Everybody over here in Europe thinks that we haven't any society in America, and a power of people in New York think that we haven't any society in Chicago. But so far as I can see there are just as many ninety-nine-cent men spending million-dollar incomes in one place as another; and the rules that govern the game seem to be the same in all three places—you've got to be a descendant to belong, and the farther you descend the harder you belong. The only difference is that, in Europe, the ancestor who made money enough so that his family could descend, has been dead so long that they have forgotten his shop; in New York he's so recent that they can only pretend to have forgotten it; but in Chicago they can't lose it because the ancestor is hustling on the Board of Trade or out at the Stock Yards. I want to say right here that I don't propose to be an ancestor until after I'm dead. Then, if you want to have some fellow whose grandfather sold bad whisky to the Indians sniff and smell pork when you come into the room, you can suit yourself.

Of course, I may be off in sizing this thing up, because it's a little out of my line. But it's been my experience that these people who think that they are all the choice cuts off the critter, and that the rest of us are only fit for sausage, are usually chuck steak when you get them under the knife. I've tried two or three of them, who had gone broke, in the office, but when you separate them from their money there's nothing left, not even their friends.

I never see a fellow trying to crawl or to buy his way into society that I don't think of my old friend Hank Smith and his wife Kate—Kate Botts she was before he married her—and how they tried to butt their way through the upper crust.

Hank and I were boys together in Missouri, and he stayed along in the old town after I left. I heard of him on and off as tending store a little, and farming a little, and loafing a good deal. Then I forgot all about him until one day a few years ago when he turned up in the papers as Captain Henry Smith, the Klondike Gold King, just back from Circle City, with a million in dust and anything you please in claims. There's never any limit to what a miner may be worth in those, except his imagination.

I was a little puzzled when, a week later, my office boy brought me a card reading Colonel Henry Augustus Bottes-Smythe, but I supposed it was some distinguished foreigner who had come to size me up so that he could round out his roast on Chicago in his new book, and I told the boy to show the General in.

I've got a pretty good memory for faces, and I'd bought too much store plug of Hank in my time not to know him, even with a clean shave and a plug hat. Some men dry up with success, but it was just spouting out of Hank. Told me he'd made his pile and that he was tired of living on the slag heap; that he'd spent his whole life where money hardly whispered, let alone talked, and he was going now where it would shout. Wanted to know what was the use of being a nob if a fellow wasn't the nobbiest sort of a nob. Said he'd bought a house on Beacon Hill, in Boston, and that if I'd prick up my ears occasionally I'd hear something drop into the Back Bay. Handed me his new card four times and explained that it was the rawest sort of dog to carry a brace of names in your card holster; that it gave you the drop on the swells every time, and that they just had to throw up both hands and pass you the pot when you showed down. Said that Bottes was old English for Botts, and that Smythe was new American for Smith; the Augustus was just a fancy touch, a sort of high-card kicker.

I didn't explain to Hank, because it was congratulations and not explanations that he wanted, and I make it a point to show a customer the line of goods that he's looking for. And I never heard the full particulars of his experiences in the East, though, from what I learned afterward, Hank struck Boston with a bang, all right.

He located his claim on Beacon Hill, between a Mayflower descendant and a Declaration Signer's great-grandson, breeds which believe that when the Lord made them He was through, and that the rest of us just happened. And he hadn't been in town two hours before he started in to make improvements. There was a high wrought-iron railing in front of his house, and he had that gilded first thing, because, as he said, he wasn't running a receiving vault and he didn't want any mistakes. Then he bought a nice, open barouche, had the wheels painted red, hired a nigger coachman and started out in style to be sociable and get acquainted. Left his card all the way down one side of Beacon Street, and then drove back leaving it on the other. Everywhere he stopped he found that the whole family was out. Kept it up a week, on and off, but didn't seem to have any luck. Thought that the men must be hot sports and the women great gadders to keep on the jump so much. Allowed that they were the liveliest little lot of fleas that he had ever chased. Decided to quit trying to nail 'em one at a time, and planned out something that he reckoned would round up the whole bunch.

"BACK TO CIRCLE CITY FOR A LITTLE QUIET"

Hank sent out a thousand invitations to his grand opening, as he called it; left one at every house within a mile. Had a brass band on the front steps and fireworks on the roof. Ordered forty kegs from the brewery and hired a fancy mixer to sling together mild snorts, as he called them, for the ladies.

They tell me that, when the band got to going good on the steps and the fireworks on the roof, even Beacon Street looked out the windows to see what was doing. There must have been ten thousand people in the street and not a soul but Hank and his wife and the mixer in the house. Some one yelled speech, and then the whole crowd took it up, till Hank came out on the steps. He shut off the band with one hand and stopped the fireworks with the other. Said that speech-making wasn't his strangle-hold; that he'd been living on snowballs in the Klondike for so long that his gas-pipe was frozen; but that this welcome started the ice and he thought about three fingers of the plumber's favorite prescription would cut out the frost. Would the crowd join him? He had invited a few friends in for the evening, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding about the date, and he hated to have good stuff curdle on his hands.

While this was going on the Mayflower descendant was telephoning for the police from one side and the Signer's great-grandson from the other, and just as the crowd yelled and broke for the house two patrol wagons full of policemen got there. But they had to turn in a riot call and bring out the reserves before they could break up Hank's little Boston tea-party.

After all, Hank did what he started out to do with his party—rounded up all his neighbors in a bunch, though not exactly according to schedule. For next morning there were so many descendants and great-grandsons in the police court to prefer charges that it looked like a reunion of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Judge fined Hank on sixteen counts and bound him over to keep the peace for a hundred years. That afternoon he left for the West on a special, because the Limited didn't get there quick enough. But before going he tacked on the front door of his house a sign which read:

"Neighbors returning calls will please not heave rocks through windows to attract attention. Not in and not going to be. Gone back to Circle City for a little quiet.

Yours truly,

HANK SMITH.

N. B.—Too swift for your uncle."

Hank dropped by my office for a minute on his way to 'Frisco. Said he liked things lively, but there was altogether too much rough-house on Beacon Hill for him. Judged that as the crowd which wasn't invited was so blamed sociable, the one which was invited would have stayed a week, if it hadn't slipped up on the date. That might be the Boston idea, but he wanted a little more refinement in his. Said he was a pretty free spender, and would hold his end up, but he hated a hog. Of course I told Hank that Boston wasn't all that it was cracked up to be in the school histories, and that Circle City wasn't so tough as it read in the newspapers, for there was no way of making him understand that he might have lived in Boston for a hundred years without being invited to a strawberry sociable. Because a fellow cuts ice on the Arctic Circle, it doesn't follow that he's going to be worth beans on the Back Bay.

I simply mention Hank in a general way. His case may be a little different, but it isn't any more extreme than lots of others all around you over there and me over here. Of course, I want you to enjoy good society, but any society is good society where congenial men and women meet together for wholesome amusement. But I want you to keep away from people who choose play for a profession. A man's as good as he makes himself, but no man's any good because his grandfather was.

Your affectionate father, JOHN GRAHAM.

Plant Life of the Deserts

THE plant life of the deserts is most extraordinary. Some of the plants come up in the spring, when there is a little moisture, and, after flowering and fruiting in a very undignified hurry, dry up and resume their normal condition of æstivation. The mesquite, a typical desert plant, folds its leaves so that they present only sharp edges to the sun, in this way preventing the evaporation of the moisture they contain.

In the hot Southern deserts are numerous large cacti, with occasional specimens of the strange "giant cactus," which attains a height of sixty feet, with a trunk a foot in diameter. The tree yuccas of the Mohave Desert, in California, reach an altitude of thirty feet or more. The leaves of this species of tree die from the ground up, and as they do so are transformed into bayonets which prevent animals from climbing it.

The struggle for existence among plants in regions where there is a normal water supply is a fight of the individual against its vegetal competitors for the use of light and soil. In the deserts it is wholly different. There the sparse plants, whatever their kind, are contending not with rivals, but against the all-but-impossible conditions obtaining.

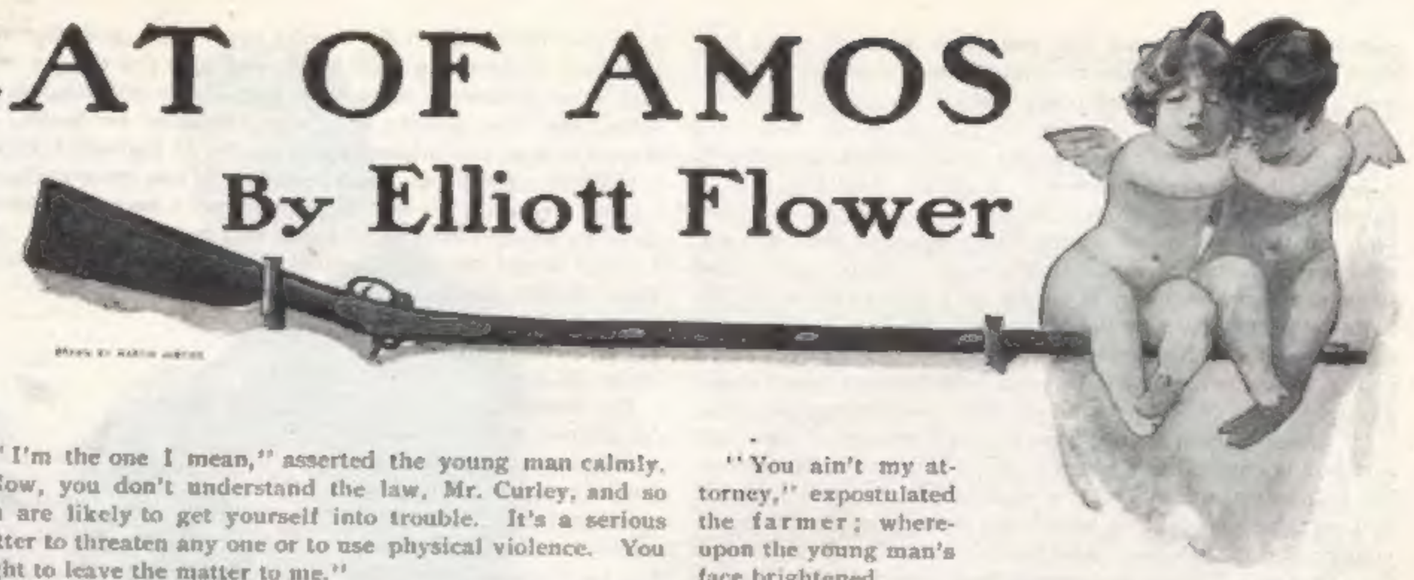
The desert soil is covered with a hard, sun-baked crust, so that it is very difficult for a seed, once dropped, to get a chance to sprout. Once sprouted, the prospects are most unfavorable for its growing up. Accordingly, the vegetation of the desert looks mainly to the survival of the individual plant, when once it has got well started, and the lifetime of a tree yucca extends well into the centuries. Meanwhile, anxious for its own survival, it protects itself carefully against creatures which might eat its leaves and destroy its fruit.

COTTONED TO EACH OTHER RIGHT FROM THE START

THE DEFEAT OF AMOS

By Elliott Flower

THE COMPLICATED TRIALS OF THE YOUNG MAN WHO ATTEMPTED TO BE ATTORNEY FOR HIMSELF, HIS UNWILLING FATHER-IN-LAW AND DAN CUPID. WHICH CLIENT PAID HIM BEST



DETERMINATION was written all over the face of Amos Curley as he climbed the stairs to the little office of Robert Perriman. He told himself he had grown weary of temporizing and meant to have the matter settled for all time.

He opened the door of the office and stepped inside. Perriman looked up from his desk and saw the tall, angular figure of the countryman with an accusing finger pointing in his direction. This gesture represented Curley's method of being impressive.

"See here, you!" exclaimed the farmer; "this here has got to quit!"

"Ah! good-morning, Mr. Curley," returned the young man pleasantly. "Won't you have a chair?"

"No, I won't have no chair," retorted the farmer sharply. "I'm sizzlin' hot, an' I'm here to settle things."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the young man, "and you were about to remark?"

"About to remark!" exclaimed the farmer; "I did remark, didn't I? I'm pesky sick of the whole thing, an' it's got to quit."

"Meaning my attentions to your daughter?" suggested the young man.

"Certain sure," was the answer. "What d'ye s'pose I was meanin'?"

"Sit down and let's talk it over," urged the young man. "What are your objections to me?"

The old man wavered. He had not intended to discuss the affair at all, for he knew he was no match for the young man in argument. Besides, his reasons ought to be apparent to any one. Still, that he should state them plainly was no more than fair, so he compromised by giving the specifications while resolutely refusing the chair.

"You're a good-fer-nothin'," he asserted. "You'll never be worth your salt. You ain't makin' enough to feed a wife."

"Oh, is that all?" returned the young man. "Well, frankly, Mr. Curley, the law business is pretty slack in this one-horse town, but I'm doing better right along, and, if I marry, I hope to go to the city, where I can get a real chance."

"Not on my money," announced the farmer decidedly. "You ain't got the head fer it, an' I know it. Why, there wouldn't be no show at all fer you with the smart city fellers, if you can't make a livin' here."

"I haven't any chance here," insisted the young man. "I have a good head for business, I assure you, Mr. Curley, and I know the law. I'd like to prove it to you."

"Go ahead."

"If you had any law business——"

"Ain't got a bit."

"Well, let's see," said the young man reflectively. "You're in some trouble now. There's a young man paying attentions to your daughter, which she finds acceptable, and you'd like to get rid of him."

Amos Curley was staggered.

"Not a pesky soul but you," he protested.

"I'm the one I mean," asserted the young man calmly. "Now, you don't understand the law, Mr. Curley, and so you are likely to get yourself into trouble. It's a serious matter to threaten any one or to use physical violence. You ought to leave the matter to me."

The farmer gasped. For a moment he was too astonished to speak.

"Ought to leave it to you, had I?" he said at last. "By gum! but you're a good one! What might be your advice?"

"Get an injunction," answered the young man promptly. "Ten dollars, please."

"Huh!"

"That's my regular charge for an office consultation and advice. If you care to leave the case in my hands I'll make an application for an injunction at the next term of court."

Amos Curley reached out blindly. His hand encountered the back of a chair and he grasped it for support. Then he sank weakly into the chair.

"You—you'll get an injunction!" he said, bewildered.

"I'll apply for one in your behalf," replied the young lawyer, "and then, if I get it, I'll go into court in my own behalf and see if I can have it set aside. I think I can do that, too. I would make the point that to enjoin lovers is against public policy as being in restraint of—of—posterity. By George!" with enthusiasm; "it would be a novel and interesting case, and I'd like to try it."

The old man made no reply. He stared at the youth for a moment, then rose with an effort and went out, holding his hand to his head. He was a temperate man, but before starting for his home he took two large drinks. Something that would brace him up was absolutely necessary.

For the rest of that day he went about the farm like a man in a dream. His wife and his daughter noticed that he did a good deal of muttering to himself, and once his wife asked if he was "ailing," but he only shook his head. That evening, however, he unburdened his mind.

"The pesky feller," he said in conclusion, "was goin' to charge me ten dollars fer tellin' me to git an injunction."

"It seems to me," the girl remarked demurely, "that he's a pretty good business man in spite of what you've always said. You never heard of anything sharper than that, did you?"

The girl was not particularly worried. She had always had her own way, and in the end she expected it this time.

"Nice kind of a thing," ejaculated Amos, "to be practicin' his sharp tricks on me. If he'd go to practicin' 'em on somebody else mebbe he could pay me the fifty dollars I let him have on account of his father's bein' a good friend of mine when he was livin'."

The fifty-dollar debt, incurred when the young man fitted up his office, rankled. The farmer was in comfortable circumstances, being the owner of considerable property in addition to his farm, but the fact that the young man had been unable to repay this loan seemed to him excellent proof that the elements of success were lacking. He didn't need the money, but he wanted it paid. As a creditor he was a close and punctilious man, and no one knew this better than his daughter.

"If he paid that, would you feel differently toward him?" she asked.

"If he showed he was able to pay his debts," asserted the farmer, "I'd have some hopes fer him. I ain't got nothin' ag'in' him, only that he's shiftless an' ain't never goin' to be anybody. But I got him settled now." He went to the woodshed, and presently returned with an old, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun. "I got a load of rock-salt here that'll make him step lively the next time he comes this way," he announced. "He's a better talker'n I am, but you bet I know how to argue him off the farm."

Thereafter he watched his daughter closely. The idea of an elopement never occurred to his clumsy wit, but he did expect that the young man would devise some plan to see her again, and he was not disappointed. One afternoon he found them sitting on a fallen tree just out of sight of the house.

"Girl," he said, pointing in the direction of the house, "go!" She went, with lagging steps.

"Now, young man," he went on, turning to Perriman, "I'm servin' notice right here an' now that I'm goin' to fill your pesky skin with rock-salt the next time I find you hangin' 'round here."

The young man looked perplexed, but not frightened.

"This is a very hard position for me to be placed in," he said. "As your attorney——"

"You ain't my attorney," expostulated the farmer; whereupon the young man's face brightened.

"In that case," he said, "acting solely in my own interests, I must urge you to go ahead and do it."

Amos let his outstretched arm drop weakly to his side.

"You are the consarnedest critter that ever was," he commented. "What good's it goin' to do you?"

"Why, that's very simple, Mr. Curley," answered the young man. "Of course, you understand that I am speaking solely in my own interests and not in yours, and if you fill me up with rock-salt it will do me a lot of good. Rock-salt, applied in this way, is painful, but it does no lasting harm, and it would give me a fine case for damages against you. I could get, I think, at least $5000, which would enable me to marry your daughter and move to the city. You see, you have no right to shoot a man who comes upon your land openly and with a lawful and perfectly proper purpose. I really don't know how I could get so much money in any easier way, but, of course, from your point of view——"

"You ain't advisin' me to do it," prompted Amos.

"Assuredly not."

"What kin I do?" demanded the farmer.

"Get an injunction," said the lawyer. "As I told you before, that would be a beautiful case and I'd like——"

The farmer interrupted. He was saying things that were not polite, and incidentally he was retreating toward the house. The last thing he heard was a gentle, "Ten dollars, please; or shall I charge it?"

Amos had a warm session with his daughter that evening, but the result was not satisfactory. He threatened and he pleaded, but she refused to promise not to see the young lawyer. He had excellent prospects, she held, and she was willing to wait for him as long as might be necessary, if her father would give her no dowry. And the farmer gained no sympathy from his wife, either.

"Strikes me, he's a mighty enterprisin' young man," was all she would say. "I ain't sayin' that he has the makin' of a great lawyer in him, but I ain't sayin' that he ain't, neither. Give him a little more time."

"Wanted to charge me ten dollars," growled the farmer.

"Well, Amos," returned Mrs. Curley conciliatorily, "I reckon the advice he was givin' you was worth it."

"An' he owes me fifty," persisted the farmer. Then, suddenly springing from his chair, he cried: "By gum! I've got him now! I wonder I never thought of it before."

Further than this he refused to speak, but the next morning he hitched the old gray mare to the buckboard and announced that he was going to drive to town.

The young lawyer was trying to be busy at his desk when the old farmer entered.

PAINFUL, BUT—

A FINE CASE FOR DAMAGES

"Good-morning, Mr. Curley," he said pleasantly.

"I've come for that fifty dollars," announced the old man in a businesslike way.

"Thirty," corrected the lawyer.

"Fifty," insisted the farmer. "You ain't goin' to deny your own note, I reckon."

"Oh, no," answered the lawyer, "but you forget I have a counter claim of twenty dollars for professional services—two items of ten dollars each."

Amos stared at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"I ain't ever hired you," he protested.

"But you asked my advice, and legal advice always costs money," said the young man. "I've tried to make the charges reasonable, because you are an old friend, but you certainly don't expect me to give you the benefit of my legal knowledge for nothing—you, who are a business man in all that the term implies."

The farmer wilted. He began to wonder whether he should be able to get through without losing the rest of the fifty.

"What about the thirty that is still due?" asked the lawyer. "You were about to say something, I believe."

"I want it," said the farmer doggedly. He wished to hold out for the entire fifty dollars, but he feared the rest of it would slip away from him if he got into an argument.

"Sorry," returned the lawyer, "but I haven't it."

"Then I'm goin' to sue," announced the farmer. "I reckon you ain't got nerve enough to come chasin' after my girl when the law gets after you, an' me bein' behind the law."

"My dear Mr. Curley," said the young man earnestly, "I haven't a thing that the law can reach."

"No use tryin' to beg off!" said the old man fiercely.

"I'm not."

"I'm goin' to show you up an' settle this here trouble between you an' me fer good."

The young man lit a cigar and puffed it meditatively.

"I want to do what I can for you, Mr. Curley," he announced at last, "and I would advise you not to waste any money on a bad claim."

"I don't want no advice," exclaimed the farmer with a haste that showed he was fearful of another ten-dollar charge.

"As you please, as you please," returned the lawyer pleasantly. "Have you thought what it will cost, Mr. Curley? You'll have to put it in the hands of a lawyer, and he'll charge you five dollars at the least. Then there will be court costs and cost of service and all that, so that the total expense of getting judgment will be close to nine or ten dollars, which you will have to advance. Now, if you could save part of that it would be worth while, wouldn't it?"

The farmer began to look anxious. He was getting beyond his depth, and he knew it. He could only grope blindly.

"How kin I do it?" he asked.

"Well," said the young man, "credit me with the fee that you would have to pay another lawyer, and I'll confess judgment and save the costs. Is it agreed? Then I only owe you twenty-five dollars now."

"No, it ain't agreed, not by a jugful!" cried the farmer wrathfully. "No more of them sharp tricks fer me."

"All right, all right," acquiesced the young man. "Get your own lawyer, and do it your own way, but I'll have to charge you ten dollars for the valuable advice I've given you. That leaves twenty I owe."

"I didn't ask you fer no advice," argued the farmer hotly.

"You certainly did. You wanted to know how you could save the costs, and I told you. It was my legal education that enabled me to do that. The legal education cost money, and, as a business man, you can't expect me to use it for your advantage free of cost."

"You go to thunder!" roared the old man as he stomped out of the office and banged the door behind him.

He had another interesting, but unsatisfactory, interview with his daughter that evening. He told her plainly that she would have to give up "that pesky lawyer," or he would send her for a protracted visit to an aunt who lived in Chicago.

"Really?" she exclaimed, her face lighting up with pleasure. "Why, that's where Robert is going as soon as he gets his appointment. He's been recommended for a position in the legal department of one of the big railroads, you know. That would be delightful."

Amos slammed his corncob pipe down on the floor, and then hastily got a dustpan and swept up the ashes. Fortunately it was the kitchen floor and there was no carpet.

"You better!" said Mrs. Curley grimly, as she stood over him at his self-created task.

"Now, be reasonable, father," urged the girl. "Everybody will tell you that Mr. Perriman is a smart young man, and if he gets this chance——"

"If!" interjected the old man scornfully.

"He's almost certain of it now," insisted the girl.

"Like I'm almost certain of my fifty," put in her father.

"Thirty," said the girl. She didn't know about the last ten-dollar charge.

Amos had the ashes and the bowl of the pipe on the dustpan.

He hurled dustpan and all through an open window, and almost swore in the presence of his wife and daughter.

"Been teachin' you his law tricks, has he?" he cried. "Well, that settles him!"

Mrs. Curley was troubled again, and when they were alone she reproved her daughter.

"You didn't have no call to rile your father like that," she said. "You might 'a' won him over, if Robert got a good payin' job an' showed he was comin' up, but there ain't no tellin' what he'll do now he's got his dander clear up."

As for Amos, he became more deeply incensed the more he thought of all that had happened. With everything in his favor at the start, it seemed as if he were being circumvented at every turn by a man who hadn't the ability to achieve financial success. This so hurt his pride that, in a moment of passion, he actually took a pot-shot at the lawyer the next time he saw him coming up the road. Then he was sorry. The girl screamed and rushed out to the young man. With her help he limped to the house, and she and her mother did what they could to relieve the smarting pain, for one leg had been peppered with salt. Amos retired to the barn to think the matter over, and his thoughts were not pleasant. He felt that his momentary passion had got him into serious trouble—how serious he did not know. When he returned to the house the young man had gone, and his wife and daughter utterly ignored him, except for occasional scornful glances. Later he learned that a passing neighbor had driven the lawyer to town, but at the time he did not deem it wise to ask any questions.

The next day he was gloomy and distraught. Instead of making matters better he had made them worse. His wife, who had been impartial before, was now the champion of the suitor and the open and avowed opponent of her husband. Whenever he heard wheels down the road he looked up anxiously, half expecting a deputy sheriff to arrive with a warrant for his arrest. Could the young man, he wondered, really collect damages? And, if so, how much?

He had about made up his mind to relieve his anxiety by consulting his friend, Judge Basswood, when a stranger called and asked for him.

"Your lawyer wants to see you," said the stranger. "He says it's important."

"I ain't got a lawyer," asserted Amos.

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why, young Perriman said you were to come in and see him on important business."

"There goes the other twenty," growled the farmer. "Darn his hide! I knew he'd get it."

He feared some legal trick, but he drove in to see the young lawyer, nevertheless. It was better to know the worst than to live in uncertainty.

"YOU GO TO THUNDER!" ROARED THE OLD MAN

"If I ain't back by nightfall," he told his wife lugubriously, "I'll be in jail, an' you hitch up an' go to Judge Basswood an' tell him to get me out."

"I s'pose I'll have to," she said with a sigh of regret that cut him deeply, but he was too depressed to resent it.

Perriman had his leg heavily bandaged, and walked with a serious limp, but, if the truth were known, this was principally for effect. He had carefully prepared himself for the interview. As a matter of fact, very little of the salt had found lodgment in his leg.

"Mr. Curley," he said in a businesslike way, "you are in a very serious predicament. You have salted, assaulted and injured a man, without cause, on the public highway. You will recall, I think, that he was not even upon your land when you unnecessarily salted him. Now, as the attorney for this man, I have advised him to begin suit for damages, and I think he has a good case. He could barely earn a livelihood when he was good and fresh, so you will readily appreciate that in his salted state he has suffered greater damage than would ordinarily be the case. He ought to get no less than $5000 or $10,000 damages, and, as his lawyer, it was my duty to advise him to sue. But, at the same time, I cannot forget that I have acted for you in two or three little matters, and, before taking his case, I feel that I ought to give you my best advice. Do you want it?"

"Yes," said the farmer weakly.

"Skip!" said the lawyer.

"What!" cried the farmer.

"Skip! Vamoose! Jump the country!" said the lawyer. "This man may try to prosecute you criminally. Who can tell? Anyway, it's worth a short trip to save $5000, isn't it? He's very angry, but I am satisfied he won't follow you, and after a bit he'll cool off. If you can just turn up missing for a few weeks there will be no trouble."

"But my wife and daughter," urged the farmer.

"My dear Mr. Curley," said the young man generously, "leave them in my charge. I shall esteem it a pleasure to look after them."

To the old farmer this was in the nature of a revivifying shock. He jumped to his feet and bolted for the door.

"You're the consarnedest, nerviest critter on two legs!" he cried as he disappeared.

"Beats thunder," he soliloquized, as he walked along, "how that feller comes it over me every darn time we git mixed up. I ain't got a thing out of him, an' I reckon that fifty-dollar note's all wiped out now. Wonder if I owe him anything."

In desperation he went to see Judge Basswood, the "big" lawyer of the town.

"You've got yourself in a pretty bad fix," said the Judge; "but I make it a point never to interfere with another lawyer's client. I'll tell you one thing, though."

"What?"

"You'd better follow his advice, whatever it is. Of course, he's false to his other client in advising you, but, as he's his own other client, I guess we can't disbar him for that."

"Any charge?" asked the farmer, rising wearily.

"Oh, no."

The farmer looked surprised. "You ain't got his head fer business," he said.

"Well, you like sharp business men," remarked the Judge, whereupon the farmer winced.

He went slowly back to Perriman's office, completely humbled.

"I'm going to put my case in your hands," he announced. "You're my lawyer."

"I always was, wasn't I?" asked the young man.

"I reckon so," answered the farmer, "but I didn't seem to know it till now."

"I'll give up my other client and do my very best for you," said the young man, "but there must be no question as to my fee."

"What's the advice?" asked the old man resignedly. "Must I skip?"

"No. Go back to the farm and don't worry."

"An' the fee?"

"A bride," said the lawyer.

"She's your'n," said the farmer. "If I'm goin' to have any dealin's with you I'd a darn sight rather have you in the family than out of it."

"But you know you insisted upon having a smart business man for a son-in-law," suggested the young man apologetically.

"I got him," returned Amos Curley with emphasis.

THE COPPER KING

THE ROMANCE OF A TRUST

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Joint Author of Calumet "K"

"I THOUGHT IT MUST BE SOME POLITICAL MATTER OR I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME"

CHAPTER XI

IN THE old days, when I had just begun to realize that my wealth could be used to procure me luxuries of one sort and another, when I had but recently abandoned my boarding-house for a private car, I used sometimes, when the day's work in Red City was done, to look at my watch and break into a run for my train, just as though it would have gone without me. When I caught myself at that I felt a little foolish, but the sudden consciousness of leisure which came afterward was always pleasant. In much the same way now, though I had practically cornered the coal supply and could well afford to wait, I used to find myself, every little while, in the old furious hurry for something to turn up which would end the fight. Whenever I got into that state of mind I used to lock up my desk and take a holiday; that was according to an agreement with Bargot.

For several months after I set Pendleton's agency investigating Reech's investments, vicarious and personal, in Red City and Texas stock, I heard nothing from it. That was as I had agreed with them, for I cared nothing about details; when they got some result, or decided that there was no result to be got, they were to let me know. But one day a short, stout man with a heavy mustache came into my office and announced that he was one of the superintendents of the agency and had come to talk about the Reech affair.

When he was seated he took out a pocketbook about the size of a lady's card case, removed from it three or four memorandum slips closely covered with very fine writing, and spread them on my table. They were numbered like library cards, except that the number was the same on all of them.

"That's the way you designate our friend, is it?" I asked; and he said it was.

"I hope you have good news for me," said I.

"That depends on what you want," he answered. "No, I don't believe I have. You asked us to get you some information about Reech's transactions in Red City and Texas stock; how much he bought, whom he bought it of, what he paid for it. Well, practically speaking, we haven't any, and we've been over the ground pretty carefully, too."

"Then you think it's not worth while going further with it?"

"That's what I came to talk over with you," he answered. "Again, it depends on what you want, how much time and money you're willing to spend at it. Now, though we don't know what his transactions were, I can assure you that they weren't straight."

"How do you make that out?" I demanded.

"Because the fellow covered up his tracks. I have been very carefully over the reports of the men we have on the work. As I said, they did it thoroughly. If what he did had been regular and above board, we should have been able to give you, long ago, a full account of it. But this is what we find: a record destroyed here, a book stolen there, a receipt asked for and not given, and, in short, a mystery whichever way we turn. The man was skillful, and he was deliberate, and when a man uses those qualities to hide his tracks in a transaction of that sort you can be moderately sure there's something irregular about it."

"That's good as far as it goes, but it must go further. The theory would have a short hearing in a court. And you think it's impossible to go further?"

"Not at all," he protested vehemently, for there I touched his professional pride. "Don't misunderstand me so for a moment. I think we can get what you want, but it will take time and money. I don't know how much money or how much time, and I want your authority before expending it."

"Good," said I. "Now we'll understand each other. I don't care how much time or money you take if at the end you can bring me proof strong enough to carry conviction. I don't limit you to his transactions in Red City and Texas stock; if any other 'irregularities' come your way bring them along, too. Get it in black and white."

He nodded. "I see what you mean," he said. "You want it in such form that its purport will be immediately apparent—to Reech himself, let us say."

"You understand," said I.

That was the one incident in a good many months that had anything to do with the copper war. Routine business went on as it always does; every now and then would come another short advance in the price of coal, followed by a suppressed disturbance in the camp of the enemy—for Stanley, as I had hoped, was cutting down rebates—and I said nothing and awaited the issue very contentedly.

Fletcher paid us a long visit during those months, and with him our household was so complete that I begrudged more than ever the hours I had to spend down in the city. Those were good days.

The lull, however, was only that which they say precedes the storm. When things did begin to happen they happened fast enough to make up for the delay.

It was politics which brought the active resumption of hostilities. When the time for the State election of a new Governor drew near enough to be talked about and planned for, I called a little conference at the City Club one evening which was attended by Dutton and Judge Anderson and Cooper—one of my competitors—and two or three of the other leaders in our party politics.

It was plain that it was going to be a difficult matter to plan a campaign which should give us control of the State again. Our opponents, headed by Stanley, were strongly intrenched in all the important and remunerative offices, and in trying to drive them out we should be handicapped by the absence of any definite issue, any particularly resonant battle-cry, except those which national politics might furnish us with, and as it was not a Presidential election those had not any great weight.

Our conference also soon developed that it would not be easy to find the right man to head the ticket. Name after name was suggested, but each was followed by some cogent reason why he wouldn't do. At the end of an hour of that sort of thing we all looked rather blank.

"See here," said I at last, "I think we're barking up the wrong tree. The men we've been talking about are all professionals. But if we take some man from private life, who is able, and who hasn't any soiled pages to turn back to, and make him, personally, the issue of the campaign—sort of anti-machine thing, you know—I believe we'd stand a chance to win. Otherwise I don't think there's the shadow of a chance."

"Who's the man?" asked Cooper. "You have one on your tongue."

"Lawrence," said I.

Cooper laughed. "He'd no more take it than you would, or I. With his practice and his money and his influence, what does he want to be a figurehead for? That would be our game clear enough, though, if we could get him." The others agreed with Cooper.

"Well, I believe I can get him," said I; and with the understanding that I was to talk it over with him we parted.

Lawrence justified my faith in him. I think New Englanders hold public service of any kind in higher esteem than most men from other parts of the country do, unless in the Southern States, which I know nothing about. Lawrence, at least, as I knew well, took higher ground in these matters than I or any other of my business associates in Red City. He valued his independence, his private influence, his very lucrative law practice as highly as any man could, but he rated his duty to his country as paramount to all these, and when I offered him the nomination, as I did the day after our conference, he regarded his acceptance as a matter of course, and with more emotion than I had ever before seen him show he told me how glad he was that we thought him worthy of so high an honor. And that in spite of the fact that he knew all the ins and outs and twists of machine politics! In fact, I had tapped the one well of sentiment in the whole wide area of Lawrence's mind.

"Have you read this morning's Argus?" he asked as I was going out.

I said I hadn't yet, and asked what was in it. He pointed out an editorial, and asked me if I didn't think that pointed to the selection of Reech to head the opposing ticket.

"It looks that way," said I, "though it's almost too good to be true. We can beat Reech."

Moreover, it went to show, even more clearly than Reech's election as Vice-President of the R. C. and T. had done, that he must have a terribly tight hold on Stanley. And to go one step further, the tighter he held Stanley the better game he was for me.

It wasn't many days later that Reech's "boom" for Governor was fairly and formally launched. The day after that happened I wrote a letter to my stout friend, the assistant superintendent of the detective agency, and urged him to put on more steam.

"You can have all the money you can spend," said I, "but from now on your time is limited. If ordinary methods don't work, take extraordinary ones. The matter's serious, and it's now or never."

He replied that they would do all that human ingenuity could suggest, and I thought if that was the case results would soon come pouring in. Really, when it was all over, and I had the story, or bits of it, from the superintendent, it seemed as though he had made good his promise.

But for a while there was no change; weekly reports, which they were sending me, seemed to show no advance whatever. The crisis drew nearer. Reech was either "foisted upon the convention by the most flagrant and disgusting gang methods, and in flat defiance of the decent and intelligent element in the party," or else he was "proclaimed the leader amid a mighty outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm," according to which newspaper you read; our own nominating convention was only a few weeks off, and still my case against Reech was a feeble one.

But at last my pack caught the scent, and when they did it was wonderful what short work they made of it. One discovery trod on the heels of another, and the two taken together constituted a third, and so it piled up like a snowball rolled down hill or like the interest charges of a "loan shark." And just a week before the date set for our nominating convention, which was to select Lawrence, my stout superintendent came into my office and laid a large envelope on my desk. It bore the same numerals which I had seen on the memorandum slips—Reech's number.

"I think, sir," said the superintendent with becoming modesty, "that we may say we have made our case." It took me nearly an hour to digest the contents of the envelope, but when I had done so I agreed with him.

Then I telephoned to Reech at his political headquarters, and asked him to come up to my office as soon as he could on a matter of importance. He was greatly surprised that I should ask for him; was inclined to think he couldn't come; but after a moment said, rather uneasily, that he would.

He was brazen enough when he arrived, bringing one of his lieutenants with him, saying pompously that he thought fit at a conference between opponents on the eve, as it were, of battle, to have a witness.

"All right," said I. "If you want a witness I don't mind. I want a little talk with you about your stock in Red City and Texas Railroad."

He started a little and flushed at that, but recovered admirably. "I thought it must be some political matter or I shouldn't have come," he said, looking at his watch. "I hardly feel that I can give the time—— Well, I will spare half an hour. But I won't detain you, Mr. Quin, over a small matter like this." Whereupon Quin took his leave.

Then Reech turned to me, another man, angry and yet half afraid. "What the devil do you want of me?" he demanded.

"Sit down," said I. "There's nothing to get excited about. I want to persuade you to sell me your stock in the Red City and Texas Railroad. I think you have enough to give me control of the road, and the control of the road is what I want, just as I did years ago."

He laughed. It was meant to be scornful, but it sounded nervous. "You want my stock, eh, and the control?"

I was waiting to see what line he'd take, so I said nothing. He, too, seemed a little in doubt as to what would be his

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

best course, but presently he made a start. He laughed again, this time in imitation of pure amusement. "Really, Drake," he said, "I don't know what's put an idea like that in your head. I'm not a rich man. I haven't more than a share or two in the Red City and Texas; just enough to enable me to serve as a director. What shares I hold practically belong to Mr. Stanley. I'm not at liberty to sell them."

"Reech," said I, "this isn't child's play. It's business. Do you suppose I'd have sent for you if I didn't know better than that? I'm not asking you to give me the stock. I'm asking you to sell it, and I'll pay a good price for it."

His moderate measure of success had not improved Reech. He had once been alert, quick to see a point, and able on occasion to go straight to it. But the very glibness which had served him so well seemed to have weakened his mind. He believed his own lies now. He talked along for a while as though he were making a campaign speech on the evils of the money power. "I am bound to Mr. Stanley; my honor is bound to him, yet by the brutal strength of your wealth you compel me to sell that honor, to submit to insult——"

"Stop it," said I shortly. "You know you are as common as a public road. It is impossible to insult you. Your services were in the open market years ago when you were my confidential agent. Stanley bought them. I want to buy them back."

He turned purple with anger and tried to say something, but I went steadily on: "There's no question of honor about it. If I climb into a street car I know I'm in a public conveyance. I don't get mad when another man gets in. Well, Stanley knew what he was getting into. There's no injustice to him if I ride, too. Now, you're a shrewd man, and an able man. I respect those qualities. You took up a strong position in this fight between Stanley and me. We were on the ends of the teeter board and you got up in the middle. You controlled the situation. Now I want you to put your weight on my side."

"I'll be frank with you," he said. "I'll admit I do control the situation; that while you two were fighting I carried off the bone. It's mine and I'll sell it. But you'll have to pay my price. Certainly you'll recognize that it's proper for the man who controls the situation to make the terms."

"Go on," said I. "The man who controls the situation shall make the terms."

He leaned back in his chair, lazily lighted a cigar and puffed away at it for a minute or two in silence, smiling as insolently as possible. I picked up the big envelope with the number, his number, on it and turned it over in my hand.

"Money alone couldn't tempt me to sell," he began. "I want a favor of you besides. I want you to help me."

"Wait a bit," said I. "You'll save time if you'll hear me first. Six weeks ago, if I'd sent for you, you could have dictated terms. I didn't send for you then because your terms would have been impossible. But to-day the advantage is the other way about. Here's my offer. I will pay for your stock, provided you deliver me enough to give me control of the road, the regular market rate——"

He laughed at me. "I wouldn't consider twice that," he said.

"Wait till I'm through. I'll do you a favor besides. I'll destroy the contents of this envelope."

His face went blank; then, as some inkling of the situation came to him, it flushed deeper and deeper, and the big veins in his neck swelled and knotted. He thrust his head forward over the table that was between us. "Blackmail, eh!" he said.

"Call it what you like," I answered. "My name for it is simply Justice, and it's hardly that, either. You stole that stock from me. You bought it with my money, and by making a false account you contrived to keep it. I'm going to make you give it up, but I'd rather make a bargain with any man than fight him, and for that reason I offer you the market rate for it. Think it over."

He lost control of himself for a moment and poured out on me a stream of vile abuse, threats and curses. But that exercise seemed to relieve his mind; he quieted down directly and took my advice.

"That's your side of it," he said after a little. "Now, here's mine. I'll accept the market rate for the stock and you burn that envelope. I suppose it's some nasty story you've raked up out of the gutter and mean to use to spoil my chance for election. But you've got to throw Lawrence overboard. I suppose his nomination at your convention next week is all cut and dried. I'd rather run against somebody else, Ryan or Harmon. It improves my chance to win. And on the day I'm elected I'll turn the stock over to you."

"You ought to bear in mind when you're dealing with a man," said I slowly, "that there isn't one chance in a thousand that he's as great a rascal as you are. If you'd done that you'd never have made that proposition to me. I'm not in that line of business. I'll do just what I said I would for you and no more. I'll burn what I've got in this envelope. And then when I've got the stock I'll fight, as I never did before in a political campaign, to beat you."

"Go ahead, then, and publish your story, and see what you make of it, ——— you. I'm not afraid of you; I don't need your help. And when I'm elected, if I don't make the State too hot for you ——"

He was on his feet, and leaning over the table brandishing his fist in my face. "Sit down again," said I, "and read what's in this envelope."

I tossed it on the table. "You don't know what it means yet," said I. "It means stripes, Reech, and the lock-step and a number;" and I tapped with my lead-pencil the number on the face of it. "Read it," I repeated.

He smiled when he saw what the contents of the envelope were concerned with; he was confident, I suppose, that there was no possibility of proving a felony in the maze of tracks and doublings which his dealings in the R. C. and T. stock had left behind. But as he went on, and saw that the proof was there, double and treble proof, the color began to leave his face, and when he finished he was sickly white.

"Shall we burn it?" I asked. He nodded.

He wanted it done there and then. "As soon as you please," said I. "Have you your certificates of stock with you?"

They were in the private safe in his office, he said. I tore a blank check out of my book, put the envelope in my pocket and said we'd go over there together. He seemed fairly dazed, and I had to help him to his feet.

We walked across the city and by the time we reached his office he had recovered enough to try to evade me again.

The certificates weren't in his safe, after all, but at the bank, and he would bring them in the morning. I said that one time was as good as another and started away, but before I had got half-way down the stairs he called me back and said he had found them.

HE THRUST HIS HEAD FORWARD OVER THE TABLE. . . . "BLACKMAIL!" HE SAID

So I sat down at his desk, added up the amount they stood for, and when I found it was all right I filled out my blank check. Then I threw down on the desk the result of the labors of Pendleton's agency—the superintendent had feelingly called it a masterpiece—and told Reech to do what he liked with it. He had been sitting at the other side of the room, cursing me under his breath, but at that he sprang forward and pouncing on that little bundle of papers began tearing at it like a wild beast.

I left him to his own devices and walked back to my office with the Red City and Texas Railroad in my pocket. It was the flyer, after all, that had won me the game.

There was no need for haste, however, and I wanted to get the political campaign off my hands before turning against Stanley. Lawrence was proving a good candidate, though the managers complained that his stump speeches were exactly like his arguments before the Supreme Court. But though some of the auditors about his stump might not understand him, and though all were disappointed not to be treated to a display of oratorical fireworks, still they believed in him. They flocked in hundreds to hear Reech, who quite outdid himself in the way of eloquence, but on election day they, or a comfortable majority of them, turned in and voted for Lawrence. He carried the rest of the ticket to victory with him, and, by a narrow margin, the legislature. We have succeeded in holding the State ever since.

Just after election Reech left us, and has never come back. He judged, I supposed, and rightly, that, after having betrayed both sides in the fight and failed in his own private venture, the valley of the Bent River would not thereafter furnish a profitable field for operations. I suppose he turned up somewhere else, with a new name, perhaps, but with his old assurance and his old stories of great men he had known.

The political campaign had been a hot one, and it left us all pretty tired. I had meant to begin the new campaign against Stanley as soon as it was over, but Barget persuaded me that after the holidays would do just as well as now, so I took a vacation. We agreed that there was no place where we could have so good a time as right up among the snowdrifts at home, so there we stayed. I had a telegraph wire over from the Birthday, and as I was a moderately competent operator if I was allowed to take my own time, I could decide what had to be decided without even crossing the valley, no small feat when the snow was heavy.

Barget suggested that I ask Lawrence to come out for a few days, including Christmas. "He probably hasn't had a real family Christmas for years and years, and he must be tired, too."

"He's tired, no doubt," said I. "Half the population of the State are sitting around in his outer office, trying to hold him up for appointments. But I doubt if he'd have a good time. I think he'd rather face the office-seekers than the baby. He'd be afraid of the baby."

"He'll like the baby," said Barget indignantly. "Just ask him and see."

She knows much more than I do about things like that, and has proved it so many times that I ought to take her prophecies for inspired authority by this time, though I still have occasional misgivings. They used to be stronger then, but I almost always gave her a chance to show that she was right. I asked Lawrence and he came, and he postponed his departure twice, going back to Red City just in time to be inaugurated on New Year's Day. When he wrote Barget a note of thanks he sent by express, under another cover, an iron fire-engine for the baby.

Early in January we opened the house in Red City, and I went to work in earnest. My first move was to give a small luncheon at the City Club, and at the time set I awaited the arrival of my guests, who had all promised to come, with a good deal of amusement. Halstead arrived first, then Frankenburgher, then Armstrong and lastly the partners, Cooper and Rosenblum; and when each saw who the other guests were the expressions of mingled surprise and apprehension made it difficult for me to keep down a smile. The news of my acquisition of the railroad had leaked out, and was pretty generally known. The unexplained disappearance of Reech put a score of theories in circulation, and my competitors, including Stanley, had spent an anxious month wondering just what was about to happen.

So when the five mine operators who had met in my office two years before only to reject my offer of an alliance and make an agreement with my enemy found themselves again gathered around my table, it was no wonder that they did some lively guessing. When we got around to coffee and cigars I asked permission to bring up a matter of business, and they assented with the most cordial unanimity.

"I've no doubt that you remember, in a general way, a proposition which I made to you two years ago," I began. "I was strongly of opinion then that it would be to your interests as well as to mine, and to mine as well as yours, to form an active alliance. I said that if we could combine together on a basis which gave exact justice to each of us that we would make more money than if each should spend his time in trying to get an advantage over somebody else. Now I believe that as far as theory went you agreed with me, and that the only reason why you didn't feel that you could help carry out my scheme was that Mr. Stanley, whose views in such matters are different from mine, was in a position to make another proposition to you. It wasn't so good in theory as mine, but it offered some immediate and tangible advantages which mine didn't."

Halstead broke in. "I can't answer for the others, but for myself——" And he went on with the same roundabout, long-winded reasoning with which he had filled his long letter when, two years before, he had declined my proposition.

(Continued on Page 16)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶How would you like to be the coal man?

¶It's hard to please a man who doesn't know what he wants.

¶It wasn't the Prince and the Pauper this time, but the Prince and the Papa.

¶Some men think that because economy is a virtue, its practice naturally belongs to their better half.

¶When a man tells you that he's a child about money matters, he's usually preparing to be a little childish at your expense.

¶The Kaiser will probably make the American girl who discussed the higher life with the Crown Prince a Red Eagle of the third class.

¶The two distinguished professors of Chicago who are trying to discover the nature of the vital processes declare that all life is chemical. Judging from the increasing number of drug stores there are already enough chemicals around to make the present generation live forever.

The Powers Behind the Throne

TWO changes on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States—one practically accomplished, the other imminent—mean far more to the nation than a Presidential election. But, as the citizen is not called upon to assist in the selection of Justices of the Supreme Court, he gives the matter hardly more than a passing thought.

Our government, being "of laws, not of men," is in the last analysis a government by the Supreme Court. For all laws that vitally affect our institutions or the deeper and broader inter-relations of citizens, state and nation go to the Supreme Court for interpretation. And a majority of those nine Justices decides the fundamental question at issue, which is not merely what the law means, but whether or not it is a law. If that majority says it is not a law, there is no practicable appeal—there is nothing to do but submit.

Sometimes students of our country wonder at the "marvelous elasticity" of our Constitution, at its equal fitness for three millions of people in the eighteenth century and for eighty millions in the twentieth century. A long look at Article III—wherein the judicial power is defined—may at least discourage the theory that the makers of the Constitution were endowed with supernatural wisdom. It is the Supreme Court that provides the elasticity and adaptability.

The Supreme Court not only can and does legislate like all other courts. It also—and here it is unique—can and does amend the very Constitution itself. Interpretation is legislation; it is also amendment. It could easily be essential abrogation and substitution.

To give only one example, what a long, long list of radical amendments to the Constitution the Supreme Court "interpreted" into it when it concurred in Chief Justice Marshall's doctrine of "the implied powers" of the Executive and the Congress. The Constitution formally provides a method of amendment, elaborate, cumbersome, all but unworkable. Probably it would have broken down long ago had it not informally, and unintentionally, provided in the supreme power of the Supreme Court a far simpler and swifter method, with the added advantages of safety and of re-amendment should the court, having changed its composition, also find it best to change its mind.

Again, the world is astonished at the stability of our "experiment in democracy," at the comparative rapidity with which our Government has in the main confined itself to and contented itself with the modest authority consistent with popular freedom, and has refrained from flagrant acts of usurpation. Part of the secret of this stability of our liberties and this obedience of our Government to the popular will no doubt lies in the character of the American people, in the wholesome frequency of elections, and in the still more wholesome scattering and checking and counterchecking of power. But another, and perhaps a larger, part of that momentous secret will be disclosed to any one who will read the great decisions of the Supreme Court. There will be found evidence that, beginning at the very birth of the Republic, the Executive and the Legislative Departments have, in peace and in war, again and again tried to fly the track of democratic liberty. And nearly always they have been at the time sustained and urged on by the hot prejudices of a dominant faction of the people. Each time—to speak only of those instances in which the liberties and the rights of the individual citizen were boldly or insidiously assailed—the Supreme Court has intervened to protect; and the fiery faction, cooled by the long wait in the august court's calm, passionless chamber, has meekly subsided under its solemn, unimpeachable rebuke. Since one excess invariably and inevitably produces another and greater excess we might probably should have gone far toward despotism as have all other great republics of the past had not the Supreme Court been there to forbid that fatal "first step" which counts heaviest.

Further, one has only to watch the current of public discussion for a short time to note how it is restrained and guided by the mere fact that the Supreme Court is known to be there, guarding the popular rights, ready to resist passion, subtle partisan intrigue, expediency's schemes that would sacrifice all to a plausible experiment.

The Supreme Court has made mistakes, has shown that even in its exalted atmosphere, so promotive of honest, impartial, far-seeing judgment, man is still fallible. But if its records are searched—not the famous cases alone, but also the many others where, often in obscurity, the very vitals of individual liberty, social, political, even economic, were attacked—that majestic tribunal becomes an object of reverence, of affection. And base indeed would be the man who, elevated to its dignity, could violate its tradition that an American citizen's rights are sacred and inviolable.

Shorter Courses for College Men

NEVER in the history of education has there been such a stir as that which is now moving the colleges and universities of the United States. All of them are facing the fact that they are behind the times, that they do not measure up to modern requirements, that they take too much of the young man's time without adequate compensation. Dean Hering, of New York University, shows that if a student takes the general course and a special course he is almost thirty before he gets out into the world. President Harris, of Amherst, declares that it would require forty years for any student to take all the special courses in Harvard. From one end of the country to the other, presidents and professors admit that the courses are too long, and that a radical readjustment must be made.

It is conceded that the nearer twenty a young man gets to actual work the better for him. If he studies until he is thirty he may know more things, but he will amount to less in the real activities of the world. It is more than an educational condition; it is a business demand, and so strong has this demand grown that the big industries of the country are luring young men out of the universities by the bait of good salaries.

This very fact has driven into the consciousness of the professors the necessity for action. Perhaps they should not be blamed, for they have gone along with the old system; but at last they see and they admit the coming revolution.

We quote their confessions, and anything we could say here could not be more severe than the college authorities are saying themselves. They have partially awakened from their sleep of conservatism and in a dreamy way are offering suggestions—most of them vague and conflicting. Some would lower the standards of admission; some would cut off a year from the course; some would give degrees in the junior year. In all this variance the big universities want to absorb the small colleges, and the small colleges, with instant courage worthy of them, reply that they are doing more good than the big universities because they get closer to the student and handle him better morally, socially and mentally. And the small college shows that in numbers of students it equals the universities.

But the main point concerns them all. They must give the young man his time. It is the young man's age and there are more important things for him to do than to be carrying school-books. He wants training—as good as he can get, but he does not want it strung over valuable years with vacations of three months, not to count at least a third of the other weeks and ten days or a week at Christmas and Easter. The better class of college men—those who have in them the stuff that success is made of—are only too impatient to begin the real business of after life. The young man will win out, for the teachers know he is right, and all the forces of business and of professional work are behind him.

"Look Pleasant, Please"

IT WAS reported some weeks ago that there was a man living in a remote mountainous region of Eastern Tennessee who had never had a photograph taken. Investigation showed the statement to be untrue, though there existed a foundation for it which went far toward exonerating those who put it in circulation; the man had had his photograph taken, but his picture had never been printed in any newspaper. It is announced that he will receive a degree from Cumberland University.

There used to be a fine old crusted saying that the appearance of a woman's name in print was excusable on but two occasions—when she was married and when she died. What the testy old Tory who first put forward the idea would say if he were with us now is difficult to imagine. Probably his language would sound something like the page from a historical novel where somebody reflects on the honor of the hero. Gadzooks, the woman who doesn't have her name in the papers once a week nowadays is reckoned a poor unfortunate! And to mention anybody's name in the newspapers without attaching a picture shows lack of enterprise. When a lady starts for Newport her picture is put in the newspapers, and again (another view) when she arrives, with a few snap-shots filched through the car window as the train whizzed by en route. While there, if she goes in bathing, or out walking, or appears in her automobile, or gives a party, a watchful press presents us views of her taken in the act by our special photographer; and if she buys a new dog we have a fine half-tone of the animal reposing in the lady's arms.

This is the Camera Age. Just how the East Tennessee man has escaped the newspapers is not yet known. It is, however, probably much less difficult for the papers to get their pictures of people than some may suppose. It is hinted that in many cases it is the Photograph that seeks the Newspaper, rather than the Newspaper which seeks the Photograph.

A reporter, interviewing a very modest man and neglecting to ask for his photograph, has, on reaching the office, been known to find a package of six in his coat-tail pocket, presumably inserted thoughtfully by the modest man as he showed the scribe out the front door.

The camera habit is easily formed and hard to break. Men have been known to sit up and look pleasant in a car on a man opposite casually producing a square lunch-box. We are all modest, but we are ready. Press the bulb, if you will, impertinent photographer; we are not afraid to look your implement in its cold, Cyclopean eye! We detest this sort of thing, of course, but, if you will do it, man of the bellows-box, we'll move into a better light and hold our chins a little higher!

The Last Fiddling of Mordaunt's Jim

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

WHEN the Spirit has striven with a man year after year without success, when he has been convicted and then gone back, when he has been converted and then backslidden, it's about time to say of him that there is the devil's property, with his deed signed and sealed. All of these things had happened to Jim. He became serious and bowed his head in the meeting house, a sure sign of contrition and religious intention, but the very next night he had been caught "wingin'" behind the smoke-house with the rest of the unregenerate. Once he had actually cried out "Amen!" but it was afterward found out that one of his fellows had trodden upon his foot, and that the "Amen" came in lieu of a less virtuous expletive.

Had it been that Jim's iniquities affected himself only he might have been endured, at least with greater patience; but this was not so. He was the prime mover in every bit of deviltry that set the plantation by the ears, and the most effectual destroyer of every religious influence that its master attempted to throw around it. His one fiddle had caused more backsliding, more flagrant defections from the faith than had any other invention of the devil that the plantation knew.

All of Parker's pleas and sermons had been unavailing—even his supreme exhortation, when he threatened the wicked with eternal fiddling, when their souls should be pining for rest and silence and never find it. Jim was there, but he appeared unmoved. He laughed when Parker broke out, "Fiddle on, you sinnahs, fiddle on! But de time'll come w'en you'll want to hyeah prah, an' you'll hyeah a fiddle; w'en you'll want to sing a hymn, an' you'll hyeah a fiddle; w'en you'll be list'nin' fu' de soun' of de angels' voices erbove de noise of earf, an' you ll hyeah a fiddle. Fiddle on, sinnahs, but w'en you hyeah de soun' of Jerdon a-dashin' on de rocks, w'en you hyeah de watah leapin' an' a-lashin', way up erbove dem all you'll hyeah de devil fiddlin' fu' you an' you'll follah him on an' into dat uttah da'kness whaih dey is wailin' an' gnash-in' of teef. Fiddle on, sinnah, fiddle on! dance on, sinnah, dance on! laugh on, sinnah, laugh on! but I tell you de time will come w'en dat laughin' will be tu'ned to weepin', an' de soun' of de fiddle shell be as de call of de las' trump in yo' yeahs." And Jim laughed. He went home that night and fiddled until nearly morning.

"'Pears to me," he said to his wife, "a good fiddle 'ud be a moughty fine thing to hyeah ez a body was passin' ovah Jerdon, ez ol' Pahkah calls it."

"Nemmine, Jim," said Mandy, solemn and shocked; "nemmine, you an' yo' dev'ment. Brothah Pahkah right, an' de time gwine come w'en dat fiddle gwine ter be to yo' soul ez a millstone dat been cas' in de middle of de sea, dat'll bring fo'th tares, some fifty an' some a hund'ed fol'. Nemmine, all I got to say to you, you bettah listen to de wo'd ez it is preached."

"Mandy," said Jim irrelevantly, "d'you 'membah dat ol' chune, 'Hoe co'n, an' dig pertaters?' Don't it go 'long some'p'n luk dis?"

"Lawsy, yes, honey, dat's hit," and before the poor deluded creature knew what she was doing she was nodding her head in time to the seductive melody, while Jim fiddled and chuckled within himself until the joke was too much for him, and he broke down and ended with a discord which brought Mandy to her sorrowing senses.

Her discretion came to her, though not before Parker's white inquisitive head had been stuck in at the door.

"Lawd, Sis' Mandy," he cried in dismay, "you ain't collogin' wid de spe'it of de devil too, is you? Lawd a' mussy 'pon my soul an' you one of de faitful of de flock! My soul!"

"I ain't been collogin' wid de devil, Brothah Pahkah," said Mandy contritely, "but dat rapscallion, he fool me an' got my haid to gwine 'fo' I knowed whut I was 'bout."

"Uh, uh, uh," murmured the preacher.

Jim was convulsed. "Hit sho' is a mighty funny 'ligion you preaches, Brothah Pahkah, w'en one fiddle chune kin des' mortally lay out all o' yo' himes."

Parker turned on Jim with the old battle fire in his eyes. "Go on!" he cried. "Go on, but I lay you'll fiddle yo'se'f in hell yit!" And without more ado he stamped away. He was very old, and his temper was shorter than it used to be.

The events of the next week followed each other in quick succession and there are many tales, none fully authenticated, about what really occurred. Some say that, hurt to the quick, Parker tramped around late that night after his visit to Jim's cabin. Others say that he was old and feeble and that his decline was inevitable. Whatever the truth about the cause of it, the old man was taken with a heavy cold which developed into fever. Here, too, chroniclers disagree, for some say that at no time was he out of his head, and that his wild ravings about fiddles and fiddling were the terrible curses that a righteous man may put, and often does put, on a sinner.

For days the old man's life hung in the balance, and Jim grew contrite under the report of his sufferings and Mandy's accusations. Indeed, he fiddled no more, and the offending "box," as he called it, lay neglected on a shelf.

"Yes, you tryin' to git good now, aftah you mos' nigh killed dat ol' man, havin' him trompin' erroun' in de night ain lookin' aftah yo' dev'ment." Women are so cruel when they feel themselves in the right.

"He wan't trompin' erroun' aftah me. I ain't nevah sont fu' him," was always Jim's sullen reply.

"'Tain't no use beatin' erbout de bush, you knows you been causin' dat ol' man a heap er trouble, an' many's de time he mought 'a' been in baid takin' a good res' ef it hadn't been fu' yo' ca'in' on."

Jim grinned a sickly grin and lapsed into silence. What was the use of arguing with a woman anyway, and how utterly useless it was when the argument happened to be about her preacher! It is really a remarkable thing how, when it comes to woman, the philosophy of man in the highest and lowest grades of life arrives at the same conclusion. So Jim kept his mouth shut for several days until the one on which the news came that Parker had rallied and was "on the mend"; then he opened it to guffaw. This brought Mandy down upon him once more.

"I sholy don't know whut to mek o' you, Jim. Instid o' spreadin' dat mouf o' yo'n, you ought to be down on yo' knees a-thankin de Lawd dat Brothah Pahkah ain't passed ovah an' lef' yo' 'niquities on yo' soul."

"La, chile, heish up; I's gwine celebrate Brothah Pahkah's 'cov'ry."

Jim busied himself with dusting and tuning his neglected instrument, and immediately after supper its strains resounded again through the quarters. It rose loud and long, a gladsome sound. What wonder, then, that many of the young people, happy in their old pastor's recovery, should gather before Jim's cabin and foot it gayly there?

But in the midst of the merriment a messenger hastened into the cabin with the intelligence that Brother Parker wanted Jim at his cabin. Something in the messenger's face, or in the tone of his voice, made Jim lay his fiddle aside and hurry to Parker's bedside.

"Howdy, Bud' Jim?" said Parker weakly.

"Howdy, Brothah Pahkah?" said Jim nervously; "how you come on?"

"Well, I's clothed an' in my right min' at las', bless Gawd. Been havin' a little frolic down to yo' cabin to-night?"

Jim twirled his piece of hat tremulously. "Yes, suh, we was a kin o' celebratin' yo' gittin' well."

"Dat uz a moughty po' way o' celebratin' fu' me, Jim, but I ain't gwine scol' you now. Dey say dat w'ile I wuz outen my haid I said ha'd things erbout you an' yo' fiddlin', Jim. An' now dat de Lawd has giv' me my senses back ergin, I want to ax yo' pa'don."

"Brothah Pahkah," Jim interrupted brokenly, "I ain't meant no ha'm to'ds you. Hit des' must 'a' been natchul dev'ment in me."

"I ain't a-blamin' you, Jim. I ain't a-blamin' you; I only wanted to baig yo' pa'don fu' whutevah I said w'en my min' was gone."

"You don' need to baig my pa'don."

"Run erlong now, Jim, an' ac' de bes' you kin; so long."

"So long, Brothah Pahkah," and the contrite sinner went slowly out and back to the cabin, sorrow, fear and remorse tugging at his heart.

He went back to his cabin and to bed at once, but he could not sleep for the vague feeling of waiting that held his eyes open and made him start at every sound. An hour passed with him under this nervous tension and then a tap came at the door. He sprang up to open it, and Mandy, as if moved by the same impulse, rose and began to dress hurriedly. Yes, his worst fears were realized. Parker was worse, and they had sent for Mandy to nurse him in what they believed to be his last hours.

Jim dressed, too, and for a while stood in the door watching the lights and shadows moving over in the direction of the preacher's cabin. Then an ague seemed to seize him, and with a shiver he came back into the room and closed and bolted the door.

He had sat there, it seemed, a long while, when suddenly out of the stillness of the night a faint sound struck on his ears. It was as if some one far away were fiddling, fiddling a wild, weird tune. Jim sat bolt upright, and the sweat broke out upon his face in great cold drops. He waited. The fiddling came nearer. Jim's lips began moving in silent, but agitated, prayer. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the face of the scapegrace alone in the cabin turned ashen with fear, then seizing his own fiddle, he smashed it into bits upon the chair, crying the while: "Lawd, Lawd, spah me, an' I'll nevah fiddle ergin!" He was on his knees now, but the demon of the fiddle came so relentlessly on that he sprang up and hurled himself against the door in a very ecstasy of terror while he babbled prayer on prayer for protection, for just one more trial. Then it seemed that his prayer had been answered. The music began to recede. It grew fainter and fainter and passed on into silence.

Not, however, until the last note had passed away did Jim leave the door and sink helpless on his knees beside the broken fiddle. It seemed ages before he opened the door to Mandy's knock.

"Brothah Pahkah done daid," she said sadly.

"I know it," Jim replied; "I knowed it w'en he died, 'case de devil come fu' me, an' tried to fiddle my soul erway to hell, an' he 'u'd done it, too, ef I hadn't a-wrassled in prah.

Jim, has you been visited?"

"I has," was the solemn reply, "an' I'll nevah fiddle no mo' ez long ez I live. Dah's de fiddle."

Mandy looked at the broken instrument, and the instinct of thrift drove out her superstition. "Jim," she cried out angrily, "whut you wan' 'o go brek up dat good fiddle fu'? Why'n't you sell it?"

"No, ma'am, no ma'am, I know whut's in dat fiddle. I's been showed, an' I ain't gwine temp' no man wid de devil's inst'u-mon'."

From that moment Jim was a pious man, and at the great funeral which they gave Brother Parker a few days later there was no more serious and devout mourner than he. The whole plantation marveled and the only man who held the key to the situation could not tell the story. He was only a belated serenader who had fiddled to keep up his spirits on a lonely road.

But Parker's work was not without its fruition, for his death accomplished what his life had failed to do, and no more moral story was known or told on the plantation than that of the last fiddling of Mordaunt's Jim.

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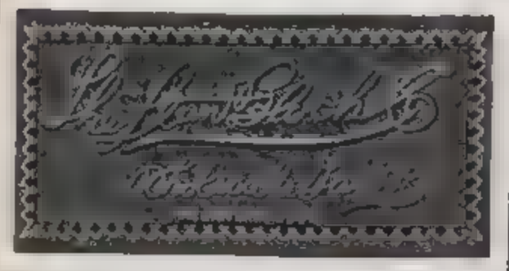

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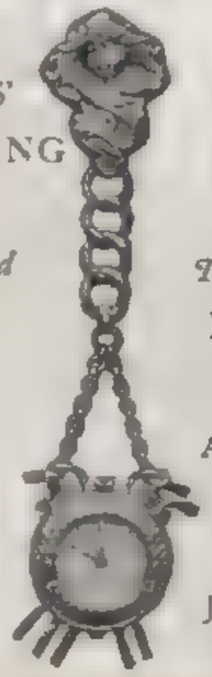

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The Reading Table

The Long and Short of It

The Government may some day start a laboratory for the study of man as made possible in the science of the child. It will be one of the subjects to be discussed by and reported from the Senate Committee on the Judiciary next December

Mr. MacDonald, one of the Government scientists in the Department of Education, has furnished to that committee a good deal of interesting and curious information which is the result of investigations, comparisons and researches, mostly at university laboratories, along the general lines which he has in contemplation; only by his plan he would go into the subject in greater detail and with more system. Some of the conclusions which have been reached by specialists at home and abroad as a result of their observations and inquiries are of a nature to disturb common notions and prevailing conceptions. Among the discoveries which Mr. MacDonald repeats to the Senate committee by way of illustration of what his laboratory can do eventually, in larger measure than anything hitherto on the same line, are the following

First-born children excel later born in stature and weight

Boys grow more regularly than girls, but the growth of girls during school years is greater than that of boys

Tall boys are much more likely to have completed their growth at an earlier age than those short in stature

Children born in summer are taller than those born in winter

Dull children are lighter and precocious children heavier than the average child.

Truant boys are inferior in weight, height and chest girth to boys in general.

The memory which acts quicker acts better.

It is absurd to assume that the memorizing of any subject gives valuable memory training

Limbs which are asleep feel heat and not cold

In cutaneous perception of form, the tip of the tongue ranks first, then come the fingertips and lips

Sweet is tasted best on the tip of the tongue, sour on the edge, and bitter at the base; acid equally on the tip and edges, but less at the base

Men are less prone than women to illusions of weight.

Younger children underestimate weight and size (proportion) and overestimate time

City children are more vivacious, but have less power of endurance than country children.

Continuous intellectual work during several hours produces a decrease in the heart-beats

A Case of Schurz or Blouse

Minister Wu Ting-fang promises to write two books on America when he returns to China, whither he has been called to take charge of the work of revising and codifying the laws of his country.

His experiences in the United States have been many, and some of them unique. On one occasion he and Carl Schurz were both to make addresses before a university audience Schurz had spoken to the students before, and when they saw him on the platform they called out, "Schurz!" "Schurz!"

The Chinese Minister, conscious that his silken blouse, worn outside his trousers, might have awakened what he knew to be the easily provoked irreverence of undergraduates, mistook the salutation for "shirts." Whereupon he rose, bowed, and smilingly adjusted his robes, displaying the evident comfort he enjoyed in wearing them

Now the students took up the cry in earnest, and "Schurz" readily became "shirts" The uproar of their merriment rang lustily throughout the auditorium.

Even the bland and philosophic Minister Wu began to display embarrassment

"Don't pay any attention to them," whispered Mr. Schurz; "they mean me

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the Chinese Minister, and sank back into his chair, vastly relieved.

Not Like a Good Injin

When Grover Cleveland was President, Dr. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, whom President Roosevelt has just made Surgeon-General of the Army, to succeed General William H. Forwood, retired, was the official physican at the White House.

Doctor O'Reilly is a Republican, but with

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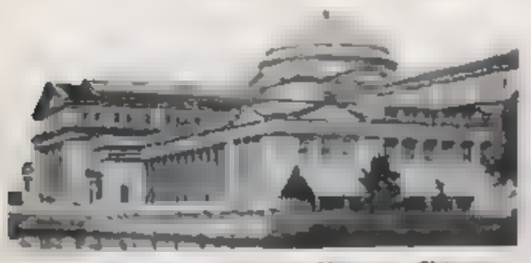

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Cleveland that was not to be weighed against his skill as a surgeon

One day during the second Cleveland Administration a number of army officers at a social moment were talking informally to the Chief Executive

"Are you not afraid, Mr. President," ventured one jocosely, "to retain as your medical adviser a physician who is an uncompromising Republican?"

The President had just refused to sign the Wilson Tariff Bill, and the menace of defection from the ranks hung over the Democratic party

"No," he laughed in reply; "Doctor O'Reilly is a physician of excellent judgment, and he knows that good Democrats are scarce."

No Desire for the White House

Recently President Roosevelt promoted Colonel Ward, of General Miles' staff, to be Brigadier-General. Back of the appointment is said to be an interesting story

General Ward, since he entered the army, over forty years ago, has had an active career As a young officer during the Civil War he was in many cavalry raids; after the war he had charge of troops that put down riots during reconstruction excitement; in 1877 he commanded a battery in quelling the great coal and railway strikes in Pennsylvania He served also on the frontier and had acting-command for years of the Vancouver Barracks whence he went out on numerous Indian campaigns

Bred to the saddle, he has not relished assignment, in recent years, to desk duty in Washington. Positions to which some officers look forward as asylum from the discomforts of field service were dreary imprisonments to Colonel Ward, a mountain-climber and hunter of big game as well as soldier

"I'd rather be an obscure Captain leading a battery through the Bad Lands after renegade Indians," he said recently, "than to be President, imprisoned at the White House"

This remark found its way to Oyster Bay.

"Let's see," the President is said to have asked, "what is Colonel Ward's present assignment?

"Adjutant-General on General Miles' staff," was the reply

A few days later, inspired by what motives cannot be guessed at, the President issued an order making Colonel Ward Brigadier General, to fill the vacancy caused by the compulsory retirement of Brigadier General Jacob H. Smith

Secretary Root's Explanation

A man in public life noted for his brusqueness in speech was under informal discussion in Cabinet circles

"There's one thing to be said in his favor, however," said Secretary Wilson, "and that is, he never importunes the Departments to get promotions or positions for his friends."

"That's readily explained," commented Secretary Root; "he hasn't any."

The Diplomatic Caddie

By Nixon Waterman

"AND mind," said the "links"-eyed caddie
To the boy he was teaching how
He must do the work, "my laddie,
I tell you here and now
There are times to be all attention
To every move and play.
But now and then come moments when
You must look the other way.

"When Smith or Jones or Foster
Is playing along with men,
And the ball by chance is lost or
Is hid for a while, oh, then
He is sure to scold you soundly
And skimp you in your pay,
And fume and fret in an awful sweat
'Cause you looked the other way.

"But when one of them brings a lady
For a quiet little game,
And she stops to rest where it's shady,
And he goes and does the same,
Then, if you know your duty—
Remember what I say—
You won't be near enough to hear,
And you'll look the other way."

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Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

IT IS a familiar stage tradition that politics are to be strictly barred, but this must not be applied to authors who have political affiliations, since Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Hall Caine are both to produce book-plays this autumn. That Sir Gilbert is Member of Parliament for Gravesend is sufficiently well known, but Mr. Hall Caine's election to the Parliament of the Isle of Man has not proved a matter of notoriety. This is the more curious because the picturesque career of the former secretary of Rossetti—Liverpool journalist, Manx novelist, and writer of world romances—has not been veiled as it were from the public eye. But the Manx parliamentary situation must evidently exist without Mr. Caine for a time, since The Eternal City is approaching its first production in England, and the arrival of Mr. Caine and his play in America is promised for the early autumn.

The Doubtful Book-Play

Sir Gilbert's book plays have proved unsuccessful, but perhaps better luck may attend The Right of Way. Mr. Hall Caine's Christian has had a long and prosperous stage life which should have rewarded the author for the agonies at rehearsals which he was wont to relate with most dramatic effect when those afflicting preparations were in progress. Better than any play is said to have been the emotional Manx novelist rolling out some strenuous lines and followed by the imitation of an inadequate actor's limping delivery, or, a host in himself, personifying the action which he sought to infuse into a crowd of weak kneed supers.

Doubtless The Eternal City will be at least a splendid spectacle, and very likely a popular success. But it is open to question whether the book play, like the boomed novel, may not be overdone. The Crisis, Miss Johnston's Audrey, Lazarre, Doctor Nikola, Tatterby, Huckleberry Finn, Mr. Dooley, Diana of the Crossways, Pickwick, and possibly half a dozen other plays manufactured from books are in the air for the coming season. Some of the number will fail of that secure foothold on earth which is earnestly desired. A few successes are remembered; the many which pass into obscurity are forgotten. This happens too in spite of curious devices. Plays have been "novelized" before production in order that a success might be obtained for the book which would react upon the play. Books have been written with the play in mind and advertised desperately with a view to ultimate stage effect. Authors and publishers have made bargains regarding the advertising and the stage rights before the book in question was born. The book-play is no new thing, but the gambling in the article induced by a few large successes has run a close second to the gambling in novels. The Helmet of Navarre, Caleb West and a long list of others have been set down on the wrong side of the balance sheet. There is also the effect upon writers: certain of the attempts to reconcile contradictory propositions in the unit of writing have been far from making for the betterment of letters or of the authors' reputations.

Some Unlucky Successes

There is a theory which represents a half truth that the latter-day author is in the happy position of absolute independence. With the burning desire to make books, and more books and yet more books which seems to prevail among publishers, it is true enough that the authors of successful books need take no thought as to a means of entrance to editorial offices. The publishers encamp around about them, and literary wares which had seemed to be obsolete find a ready market.

There was a young newspaper reporter once upon a time whose story found an appreciative editor and became famous under the title of The Red Badge of Courage. He had other stories less important which he was advised to hold back, but the *réclame* attending his success brought him an eager publisher who thrust a large check into his hand, seized an often rejected manuscript and proceeded to manufacture a book with hot-footed rapidity. The book George's Mother, a contrast in almost every way to the first success, was launched only to slide into a mud-bank of popular indifference. The effect upon the writer's career very naturally involved a break in the continuity of his success which

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required much time for amendment. Overproduction stimulated by the demand due to a lucky hit has become a commonplace occurrence. One hesitates to deal in personalities but the examples are ready at hand. Mr. Crockett's feverish production is known of all men. Only three or four years ago Miss Fowler's Concerning Isabel Carnaby introduced a clever new writer whose future seemed well worth consideration. The time since the days of "Isabel" is brief, but Miss Fowler has already produced some five books, another is to come in the autumn, and there is talk of still a seventh for next year. When she began she was said to scintillate. Unhappily readers of late books like Sirius have been heard to repeat the cry of the inebriated intruder into the Cosmos Club, at Washington. He proclaimed his appreciation of the honor of admission to such a circle of wits and savants. A clammy silence settled upon the company which was broken by the roaring voice of the inebriate: "Confound it, where are your scintillations?" Possibly the author in question is passing to the serious-minded and didactic stage like George Eliot in the change from Romola to Theophrastus. Possibly she will take herself strenuously in hand and endeavor to refurbish her scintillations. She is to be credited with some adroit epigram, quoted from one of her characters, for the benefit of a recent discussion of fiction writing: "I always say that writing is like flirting; if you can't do it nobody can teach you to do it; and if you can do it nobody can keep you from doing it."

But the case of Miss Fowler, who has arrived, who is the daughter of a retired English general, a person of social prestige, and a favorite of that redoubtable literary agent, Mr. A. P. Watt, differs widely from the case of the unknown novice who is writing when possibly he or she would much better be doing something else.

Books that Never See Print

Of such are the writers of letters to publishers beginning "Do you publish books?" or "I have written a story out of my own experience in Scagsburg. Will you publish it?" In these letters there are infinitely pathetic glimpses of untrained women wage-earners who rob their nights for the preparation of impossible novels which embody their hopes for the education of their children or some relief from carking care. On the other hand, there are those unknown to letters who rely upon adventitious aids to literary success. There was once a young woman at an editorial door who announced her name as all sufficient. When that evidently failed of an impression she added in a tone of injured self-esteem, "You must have read of me. I'm the complainant in the fifty-thousand-dollar breach-of-promise case, and here's a novel that I've written giving all the facts." Another manuscript was offered on the strength of the writer's reputation as the principal in a sensational forgery. There is a tale of a gentleman with a title whose claim to fame rested upon his recent residence in jail.

A story which one well-known editor has been heard to tell with peculiar zest related to the irruption of a bronzed and long-haired patriarch who dropped an ancient carpet-bag upon the floor and sternly asked, "Sir, do you know the meaning of the Horned Beasts of the Apocalypse?" And when the editor made humble confession of his ignorance, the visitor replied, "Well, sir, I do. I am the only one who does, and here is the manuscript explaining it." And after this "find" had been gently but firmly put aside with hurried words it was developed that the only interpreter of the "Horned Beasts" had been a missionary in Arizona, where the blinding sun of the deserts had led to a dreaming of dreams and a seeing of visions which had been painfully set down in a book that will never tax the printing-press. There is a temptation to sketch certain general qualities of what may be termed the submerged books, but that, taking it all in all, is another story. With the multiplication of books there has come an increase in the number of would-be books which never see the light. It may seem in these days that anything and everything is published, but it is probable that the proportion of the accepted to the rejected remains much the same.

—*J. W.*

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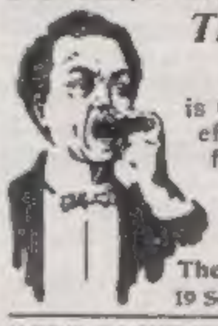

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The Copper King

(Continued from Page 9)

Cooper shifted uneasily in his chair while this went on, and when it was over he said with a somewhat satirical smile that, for himself and his partner, notions of humanity and the solemn duty of competition had had nothing to do with the case; that Stanley had showed he controlled the situation, had offered substantial rebates if they would let me alone, and none at all if they wouldn't, and that it had seemed to be to their best interests to accept his proposition. "That was the case with you, too?" he demanded of Frankenburgher, who nodded emphatically. When Cooper repeated the question to Armstrong he also answered in the affirmative, though a little more reluctantly.

"Well," I went on, "since those days conditions have changed materially; as between Stanley and me they have practically changed about. I am in as strong a position as he was in then, and stronger. I could offer to make with you the same kind of bargain that he made two years ago."

The rest, all but Cooper, nodded, though none too cheerfully. He looked at me keenly, as though puzzled.

"But," I continued, speaking slowly to let what I had to say sink in, "unless I'm mistaken, that bargain didn't prove very satisfactory to any of you, and the proposition I ask your consideration for is substantially the same as the one I made two years ago."

I think if I had offered Halstead five millions of dollars in cash he would not have been taken more completely by surprise, and Armstrong was not far behind him. Cooper and his partner, on the other hand, had credited me with perfectly good faith at our meeting two years before, and what I said now was the only logical sequence to the scheme I had put forward then. As to Frankenburgher, nothing you could call an expression ever appeared in his stolid face anyway.

"You spoke of one change in the proposition you mean to make," said Cooper. "What was that?"

"At that other meeting," said I, "I laid a good deal of stress on the fact that I was not asking you to side with me against any one else; that if Stanley should be willing to make himself one of us I'd be glad to have him. And I said I had no scores to settle with him or any one else. To-day I ask leave to take that back. To-day I have a score to settle with George Stanley, and I mean to do it. He is a personal enemy of mine. If he were to come to terms and make peace now the arrangement would only last until he could get me at a disadvantage again. So I want this clearly understood: that I will not cry quits with him, on any terms, until he packs up, bag and baggage, and leaves the State."

There was a little murmur of protest and Armstrong said: "You can't do it. You may make him lose money, you may make him ——— uncomfortable, but you can't drive a man who owns the Crœsus mine out of business. He could keep up the fight for a lifetime."

"Well," said I, "it's one or the other of us. I'm not speaking in anger or above the letter. The State isn't big enough for both of us."

No one said anything for a minute, then I went on: "It's for each of you to decide which of us you will stand with. You know what kind of a bargain each of us makes, so you aren't taking a step in the dark. I think that if you will add up the interests that I own or control you will see that a combination with me will prove much stronger than any combination you can make against me."

"There's the Birthday," said Cooper, "and the Northwestern Ore Company, and the Red City and Texas Railroad. Those are all the big items in the bill, aren't they?"

"One more," said I, taking a look around the table. "You must also add the North Marion coal fields."

Cooper, shrewd as he was, was as much surprised as any one, and the rest looked pretty blank.

Armstrong scratched his head. "I take it all back," said he. "I guess I'll elect to ride in your band wagon." The others hesitated a moment longer, and then we all shook hands over it.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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